The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1933

TOPICS OF THE DAY

The South Split Over the Scottsboro Verdict

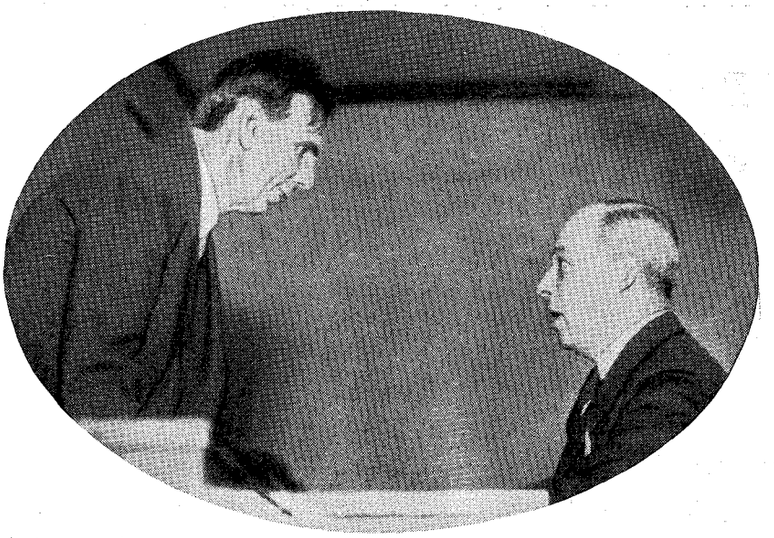
FATE PICKED HIM OFF a freight-train, this black boy of nineteen, to lift him from dreariest obscurity to the dizzy height of "a world issue."

On that pinnacle, he puffed a cigaret while waiting for the jury to report, and did not move a muscle when it condemned him to death.

Focus of a case that has aroused the nation, he remained so obscure at his own trial that, when the jury filed in, he was not even required to stand to hear the verdict.

Storms of emotion swirled around Haywood Patterson in the yellow-brick court-house in the little town of Decatur, Alabama, for this was a revival of the famous Scottsboro case.

There were mutterings about a wholesale lynching. National guardsmen with fixt bayonets patrolled the court-house. Others guarded defense counsel after court hours. But to all this the blue-black, overalled Patterson appeared oblivious.



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"The Motion Is Denied"

Judge Horton, who presided at the Decatur trial, and Samuel S. Leibowitz, who fought in vain to save the young Negro from the death sentence.

Accused of being one of nine young Negroes who allegedly had criminally attacked two white girl "hoboes" on a freight-train in 1931, Patterson came up before the Decatur jury, on a change of venue, after the United States Supreme Court had set aside the Scottsboro convictions because the defendants were not adequately represented. But amid all the excitement inside and outside the court-room he appeared unmoved.

PATTERSON'S hopes rose when he heard the slender, dark-haired, gray-eyed Ruby Bates repudiate her previous testimony, and declare that the case was a frame-up.

His hopes fell when the other, Victoria Price, repeated, fiercely and bitterly, the story that condemned him to the electric chair.

He heard the tall, gaunt, kindly-faced Judge James E. Horton refer in the midst of the trial to reports that a mob was planning to lynch the prisoners, and his threat that guardsmen would "shoot to kill."

He heard the dark, heavy, florid Wade Wright, Circuit Solicitor of Morgan County, make what F. Raymond Daniell, correspondent of the New York *Times*, called " a frank appeal to local pride, sectionalism, race hatred, and bigotry" in his address to the jury. As Mr. Daniell tells it—

"'Show them,' Mr. Wright said—pointing at the counsel table at which were seated Samuel S. Leibowitz of New York, chief defense counsel, and Joseph Brodsky, counsel for the International Labor Defense, a Communist affiliate—'show them that Alabama justice can not be bought and sold with Jew money from New York.'"

And perhaps Patterson, if he can read, saw the scorching statement which Mr. Leibowitz issued after the verdict:

"This is a black page in the history of American civilization. An occasion where once more twelve citizens of Alabama, swayed by bigotry and prejudice and harkening to the yelps of a bombastic Ku Klux who hurled mud at the Jew and the people of the great State of New York to sympathetic ears in the court-room crowded with lantern-jawed morons and lynchers, brought in a verdict that is a mockery of justice."

The bitterness of that statement is echoed in the press of the South as editors in States with "a Negro problem" violently debate the verdict.

"WE shall fight with every drop of blood in our veins," declared Mr. Leibowitz, promising to carry the case again to the Supreme Court. Altho praising Judge Horton as "one of the finest jurists I have ever met," he indicated that the appeal would be based on points on which he had been overruled—Mr. Wright's address to the jury and the fact that no Negroes were allowed to serve as jurors.

Meanwhile the State moved to try the other defendants as Negroes in New York and other cities began preparations for a march on Washington to protest to President Roosevelt.

Out for twenty-two hours, the jury agreed unanimously on a verdict of guilty on the first ballot, we read, and fixt the death penalty on the third. They accepted the testimony of Victoria Price that she had been attacked by the Negroes on a freight-train running between Chattanooga and Memphis, Tennessee.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary;* 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 14 Salisbury Square. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Chicago, Ill., and Columbus, O. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Volume 115, Number 16, Whole Number 2244. Subscription Price $4.00 per year.

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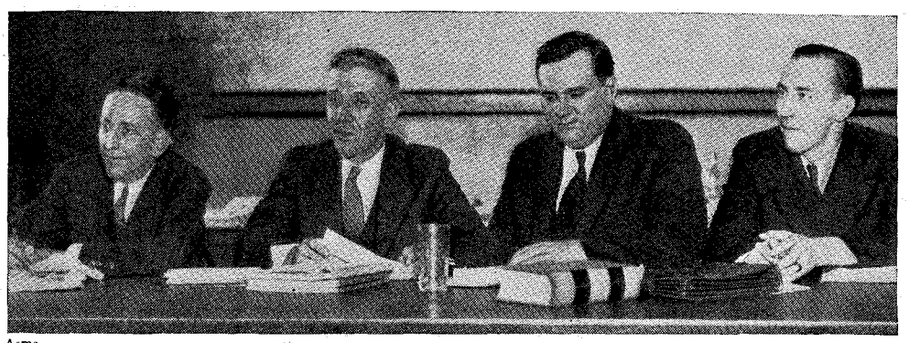

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They Won the Conviction That Has Caused a Storm

Prosecutors of the Scottsboro cases—Left to right: Thomas E. Knight, Jr., Alabama Attorney-General; Solicitor H. G. Bailey, of Scottsboro, Solicitor Wade Wright, of Decatur, and T. S. Lawson, Assistant Attorney-General. It was Wade Wright who made the fling that "Alabama justice can not be bought and sold with Jew money from New York."

They rejected the story of Ruby Bates who made a dramatic entrance into the court-room, after a mysterious absence, to recant her previous testimony. She had been in New York, she said, and had been persuaded by the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick to return and tell the truth.

"I told it just like Victoria did," she said on the stand, "because she said we might have to stay in jail if we did not frame up a story after crossing a State line with men."

FEELING flames high in the Southern press as the verdict is debated. Some editors denounce it as a rank injustice. Others turn their guns on the "outside" lawyers and the International Labor Defense.

"The men are being sentenced to death primarily because they are black," declares the Richmond *News Leader*, which finds that "the second trial confirmed all the suspicions aroused by the first hearing."

In the same city, *The Times-Dispatch* asserts that "the apparent lack of fairness in trying these seven hapless Negroes is deplored by the vast majority of Southerners."

"An outrageous verdict," says the Raleigh *News and Observer*, published by Josephus Daniels, newly appointed Ambassador to Mexico. "Southerners," it says in another editorial, "have a deeper interest in the case than people elsewhere, since all Southern justice in the eyes of the world will be discredited by the shocking verdict in Decatur."

To eliminate "one of the most complex emotional tangles in the history of American criminal trials," this paper suggests that the International Labor Defense withdraw from the defense of the Negroes "upon the condition that lovers of justice in the South will secure the ablest Southern counsel, lawyers of the greatest eminence in the South, to go to Alabama and conduct the defense."

In Chattanooga, the city which Ruby Bates and Victoria Price visited shortly before the alleged assault, *The News* blames both prosecution and defense for inflaming local feeling. Then—

"The Scottsboro case was a battle of prejudices. Indeed, it has become such a mixture of propaganda and prejudice that we can not conceive of a civilized community taking human lives on the strength of the miserable affair."

BUT the other side is equally vehement in defending the verdict. First let us hear from the Tuscaloosa *News*, in the State where the trial was held:

"Regardless of the raving grandstand play of defense attorney Leibowitz and the hubbub raised by Communistic organizations of the East, we in Alabama know that the Negro Patterson received a fair and honest trial.

"Intimidation, denunciation, threat, nor money can influence an Alabama court and jury away from its duty."

"Alabama gave this man a fair trial," asserts the Montgomery *Advertiser*, which also sharply criticizes Mr. Leibowitz.

THE verdict "was in strict accordance with the law and the evidence," says a Mississippi paper, the Jackson *News*, and the New Orleans *Item-Tribune* finds that the trial, "quite regardless of what any one may think of the verdict, still puts the public justice of Alabama in a better position before the rest of the world on that matter than it previously occupied."

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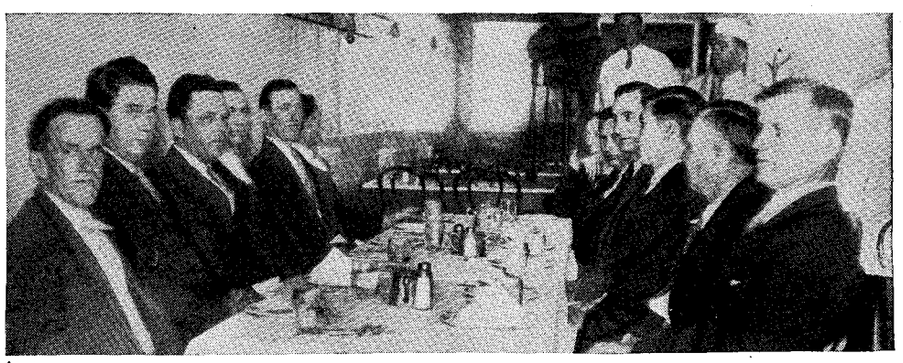
They Told Stories That Clashed

Ruby Bates (left) who repudiated her previous statement and declared that the case against the Negro boys was a frame-up, and Victoria Price, who stuck to her original testimony, and was believed by the jury.



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They Fixt the Penalty at Death—the Decatur Jury at Luncheon

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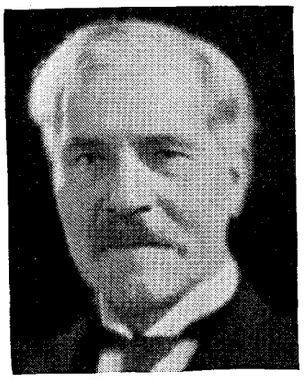

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Japan

FAMOUS RECRUITS IN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S WORLD FIGHT ON THE DEPRESSION

The New Deal, World Size

THINGS MOVE SO FAST at the White House these days that even the First Lady has difficulty keeping up with them.

Last week, as Mrs. Roosevelt herself told the story to an Associated Press reporter, the President suggested that if she had planned to have house-guests for this week-end, "maybe she'd better write and tell them that perhaps they couldn't come.

"She said that when she asked why, his reply was that they might be entertaining 'a few Prime Ministers.' Mrs. Roosevelt had answered that nobody had told her about that."

Thus we see how quickly and informally President Roosevelt set the stage for what some observers consider the most important conferences to be held since the Washington Arms Conference in 1922. This, they say, may be the economic turning-point.

It is to be a series of friendly meetings with individual representatives of many countries, beginning with Prime Minister MacDonald, and the Administration hopes to reach agreements which will assure success for the World Economic Conference in its attack on the depression.

The first envoy to arrive, the white-thatched, firm-chinned, deep-voiced Ramsay MacDonald, is a familiar figure to Americans because of his previous visit here to confer with President Hoover on disarmament plans.

The next representative definitely chosen was the chunky short-necked "big bear," Edouard Herriot, who resigned as Premier of France last year after a futile fight to persuade his country to pay the December instalment on her debt to the United States.

ACTING for Germany, whose other statesmen are said to be too busy with the situation at home to come, will be the new German Ambassador, the slightly stooped, bald, fifty-four-year-old Dr. Hans Luther.

Heading the Japanese delegation will be Viscount Kikujiro Ishii, former Foreign Minister.

Here, in this series of talks, is the inauguration of the new deal in world affairs, say a number of editors, viewing hopefully the preliminary maneuvers to a united international attack upon the depression.

"Within a short time, if signs mean anything," asserts the St. Louis *Star and Times*, "the world will be looking to the American President for leadership out of the world-wide chaos as ardently as the American people are looking to him to lead this country out of industrial stagnation."

As Herriot, and Premier Bennett of Canada, prepared to follow Mr. MacDonald to Washington, other countries also moved to be represented when their turns come. They included Italy, China, Argentina, Chile, Brazil, and Mexico.

A few days later, so great was the demand by other nations to be permitted to join, that President Roosevelt invited forty-two more countries to be represented by their chiefs of mission in Washington.

At about the same time the Administration let it be known that the subjects to be considered are silver, wheat, copper, tariffs, and currency, in that order. To what extent war debts will be discust, if at all, appears problematical; the Administration is said to maintain that the debt question is secondary to the restoration of world trade.

THREE important developments will be displayed in the American policy at the discussions, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*. It lists them as an effort to control production, an effort to reach reciprocal agreements scaling tariffs downward, and the abandonment of the Hoover plan of securing a return to the gold standard as a foremost objective.

"Altho the Administration wishes to have currencies stabilized," this paper adds, "the impracticability of a general return at present to the gold standard is admitted.

These talks are expected to "popularize" the London Economic Conference, says M. Farmer Murphy, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, and "to lift it out of the dulness of expertism and to arouse the interest of people in every country, and thus create a demand for action that can not be resisted."

"It was made plain by Secretary of State Hull," Mr. Murphy adds, "that the United States will go into the discussions of current world problems not in a spirit of haughtiness and of talking down, but instead with a humility which is willing to admit consciousness of past sins and an earnest wish to do better in the future."

To show how the world has suffered, Secretary Hull explained that the exchange of surplus goods in international trade has fallen from $50,000,000,000 to between $12,000,000,000 and $18,000,000,000, and that the American share of this huge loss was more than 16 per cent.

Some editors have doubt about the Washington talks, but a great many express confidence and hope.

Prime Minister MacDonald's visit "is a welcome sign," says the Hartford *Courant* "that decisive international cooperation is at last to be renewed."

"It will inevitably raise hopes everywhere," adds the Baltimore *Sun*, "that something definite may at last be expected to thaw the frozen stream of international commerce beside which a hopeless world has been marooned for three years."

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The Shaw Show

"THERE IS NO ECHO."

Playwright Shaw's compliment to the acoustic properties of the playhouse of the Theater Guild, the chief producer of his plays in this country, does not exactly apply to his own solo appearance on Broadway.

Certainly there is an echo, as the millions who listened in, and hundreds of editors who felt moved to comment, blurt out their impressions of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's 100-minute monolog.

Many listeners telephoned to the station broadcasting the Shaw speech to say they did not find perfect entertainment in it.

And there is a certain amount of disappointment voiced by the press, after this performance which had been press-agented since before Mr. Shaw started on the round-world-cruise climaxed by the New York speech. Says the New York *Evening Post:* "Intellectually the old gentleman, for all his smartness and charm, simply didn't 'click.'"

The four thousand persons making up the audience in the Metropolitan Opera House, according to the New York *Times*, "went expecting to enjoy a series of sparkling epigrams, mixed up with insults, but instead got a long and tedious political harangue, worthy of a dry-as-dust professor."

But perhaps what disappointed some of these hearers was the very fact that Mr. Shaw had something serious to say, and was not merely acting the clown.

A change came over George Bernard Shaw when he appeared to make his first and probably his last personal appearance before an American audience, the New York *World-Telegram* reflects:

Wide World

"Some of It Was Very Bad"

So "G.B.S.," turned critic, dismisses his only appearance on Broadway.

"He was not the Shaw of the cap and bells and the bitter humorous commentary upon this land which has paid him many sheckels to be scoffed at.

"George Bernard Shaw, youthful at seventy-seven, way out in front economically, focused attention upon our weaknesses and our potential strength in terms of our own and the world's problems. He said things which may be regarded as true or false, but things which ought to be said and resaid.

"It was Shaw the schoolmaster more than the showman who addrest America."

OF those 16,000 words with which Mr. Shaw regaled his Opera House and radio audience, very few can be repeated here. After all, most of us listened in. He did tell us that we are all of us anarchists at heart, that we ought to get a new Constitution, that Mr. Roosevelt "will inevitably be as great a disappointment as Mr. Hoover." He also told us that America has a sort of natural unconscious inborn genius for politics and that perhaps this will eventually save us and the world; that we must be saved pretty soon is obvious to historian Shaw, because five or six civilizations progrest to the same "artistic," "capitalistic," and "feminist" climaxes as we have, and then went to smash because "internal strains were set up within which shattered them—and civilization went back practically to primitive life."

The next day with all this economics and history out of his system, Shaw, again a playboy, bade farewell to America in a final interview with reporters on the *Empress of Britain*. And on this occasion, in the words of a New York *American* writer,

"He kicked his heels, wiggled his hands, was kissed by an adoring woman, flew in a temper at sound microphones, refused to talk for sound cameras, and poured forth a torrent of Shawisms so fast that at times it was difficult to keep pace with him."

Guinea-Pig Valley

"IF WE ARE SUCCESSFUL HERE"—

These words of President Roosevelt's show that he considers the great Tennessee Valley project largely an experiment, to show whether similar developments can be brought to pass elsewhere in the land.

The Tennessee Valley thus becomes a sort of laboratory for large-scale regional planning, a kind of cosmic guinea-pig in the shape of a magnificent river system 1,200 miles long, a drainage basin including some 40,000 square miles of mountainside and alluvial plain.

And as the Warm Springs vision of February gives way to the actual work of legislation in Washington in April, no little excitement is stirred up. How sharply this Roosevelt-Norris Cove Creek-Muscle Shoals project with all its potentialities in flood control, electric power, forestation, and agricultural readjustments divides conservatives and radicals! Such a practised observer as Frank Kent of the Baltimore *Sun* can not tell which is the more pronounced—"the delight which flutters the hearts of the outpaced radicals or the shivers of apprehension that gallop up and down the severely strained spines of the conservatives."

Anyway, these flutters and shivers seemed to have been communicated to editorial writers far from the scene of Congressional discussions. A cry of alarm comes from Alabama, in which the Muscle Shoals Dam is located. The Birmingham *News* fears the effect when the Government enters the public utilities field in competition with private enterprise, and it is worried about the millions of dollars that must come out of the taxpayers' pockets. Of this Tennessee Valley "miracle," the Providence *Journal* says:

"It profoundly disturbs those who have never yet seen ultimate good come from government invasion of these economic fields. It is distressing to those who know that the drain on public funds will be severe when every sound economic concept suggests a halt to all except absolutely imperative Federal outlays."

SHARPLY contrasting with such words of anxiety and alarm is the conclusion of the Richmond *News Leader* that the Muscle Shoals enterprise "will be the largest and, we believe, the most valuable experiment America has yet made in finding the better economic life." The Philadelphia *Record* hits back vigorously at conservative criticism of the project—and incidentally gives an idea of the legislation being worked out in Congress:

"Short-sighted power interests have blocked flood control, reforestation, and the development of the magnificent industrial possibilities in that area—all because they feared the effects of cheaper government power on their own profits.

"Opening of Muscle Shoals should mean plentiful employment for idle capital and idle labor. And the President, with statesmanlike vision, is determined that the people's $150,000,000 investment there shall no longer stand idle.

"Formation of a Tennessee Valley Authority is an excellent plan. Similar corporate agencies of government have operated splendidly elsewhere. In selling surplus power, the Authority would give preference to government bodies, and could build transmission lines to serve districts now without electric power.

"Regulation of our monopolies has largely broken down, holding company has been piled on holding company. And there is more than a suspicion that the public has been milked and milked aplenty. Muscle Shoals power rates, by providing a basis for comparison, will tell the story."

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League Wins Narcotics Fight

"THE WORLD'S MOST SMASHING BLOW at the dope evil has been struck," proclaims a Universal Service dispatch from Washington.

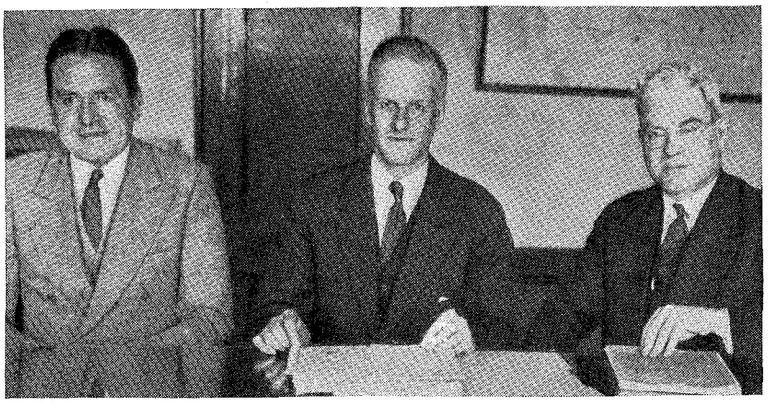
The League of Nations receives a mandate to control the manufacture and distribution of narcotics.

This control goes into effect on July 13.

The issue was decided on April 10, when the necessary twenty-five nations ratified the narcotics limitations convention of 1931—after ratification had been fought to the last ditch by certain big chemical combines and international narcotic rings.

The event "creates a precedent in international affairs," a United Press dispatch from Geneva tells us, "because it constitutes an infringement upon the national sovereignty of each of the ratifying governments, thus representing the sacrifice of national pride to curtail the narcotic traffic."

The new pact establishes a board of eight members who will meet in Geneva, and, on the basis of estimates submitted by the various countries, dictate how much each nation may produce for the next year. Production and distribution will be limited strictly to the world's actual medical and scientific needs.



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American Leaders in the Fight for Drug Control

From left to right: Harry J. Anslinger, Federal Commissioner of Narcotics, John K. Caldwell, formerly of the U. S. Narcotics Board; and Dr. W. L. Treadway, Chief of the Mental Hygiene Bureau of the U. S. Public Health Service.

The contraband traffic in drugs, which this pact aims to check, has been a source of vast profit to the traffickers, who are said to be organized in a powerful international syndicate. "The annual profits of this syndicate from the illicit sale of heroin are never less than twenty-five million pounds sterling," according to a Cairo dispatch to the London *Daily Herald*. And another Egyptian dispatch to the London *Daily Mail* gives us further information about this traffic which wrings colossal fortunes from the misery of drug addicts. The center of manufacture of contraband drugs, we learn, is always moving, to elude legal interference. The world's greatest markets for dope, according to this authority, are China and the United States. The addicts in this country are estimated at 120,000. We read further:

"The huge profits realized in the trade have left room for all to work without mutual jealousy, for heroin, which costs £10 a pound to make, is sold by the manufacturer to the smuggler at £70.

"The smuggler passes the same quantity on to his agent in the country where he operates for between £180 and £200, and the price which this amount of drug may fetch when retailed among addicts by a long chain of subagents is very much higher."

"THE traffic in dope is a world scandal that can be curbed only by world cooperation," remarks the Washington *Daily News*. And in an editorial headed "A Long Fight Won," the Boston *Globe* says:

"What this victory means is a matter of interest to almost every nation on earth. That mutual good might be served, that a terrible evil might be curbed, that the poisoning of millions of the world's population might be halted, the signatory nations have been willing to alienate sovereignty to the extent needed for a centralized, authoritative, regulatory agency.

"A beginning has been made, after nearly thirty years of truggle, in throttling this insidious traffic."

How France Would Woo Us

FRANCE IS GOING to send good-looking, active young speakers to the United States—as part of her new program of friendly propaganda—"instead of unhealthy-looking, decrepit, tired, feverish, worn-out, coughing, and trembling old men bound into frock coats."

Her spokesmen in the past have been too often of the latter type, she herself informs us, and "that is why France is pictured as a tired, worn-out country."

Moreover: "The American female element has an important view-point. We must particularly address ourselves to them."

In this way, Paris dispatches report, France hopes to get in step with other European nations whose propaganda in the United States she believes more successful than hers.

The above interesting declarations of intention and method occur in a 175-page document of the French Foreign Office, a United Press dispatch from Paris tells us. While they are only incidental details in a program that calls for the expenditure of 33,000,000 francs (approximately $1,320,000), and contemplates the utilization of the radio, newspapers, magazines, and films as well as lecturers they seem to have focused the amused attention of our press.

"Love, in America, is a bit wayward," Gilbert Seldes reminds the French Foreign Office. In his column in the New York *Evening Journal* he offers this suggestion:

"The psychologists of propaganda ought to study our movies for a long time to make sure that their Apollonian lecturers are of the right type. It would be terrible for them to come here looking like John Barrymore, only to discover that our whim had changed and we wanted Clark Gable."

"IF our sister republic wishes to spend government moneys within the borders of the United States," remarks the New York *Evening Post*, "we would suggest that she do so by paying her war debt. It would give her a lot more popularity than even 'young, good-looking lecturers' can bring her." This suggestion that debt payment is the best propaganda is echoed in many of our editorial columns.

"Some romanticist who moved from America to France because he couldn't abide our *gaucheries* seems to have obtained the ear of the Quai d'Orsay," remarks a New York weekly, *Editor and Publisher*. For "not otherwise can be explained the fantastically naive plan of propaganda this week approved by the French chamber as a means of curing Uncle Sam's supposed aversion for Marianne."

But "there is nothing fantastic, illogical, or reprehensible in France's desire to turn on the 'true light' about herself," the Washington *Evening Star* reminds us; and the Troy *Gazette* agrees that, "it is not only wise but eminently proper that France should present its case as well as it can."

Moreover, France's need of propaganda here, the Syracuse *Herald* suggests, is greater than that of some other European countries, because of "the diminutive size of the French-American vote in the United States."

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"Be It Ever So Humble—"

FEAR—"NAMELESS, UNREASONING, unjustified terror."

To remove such fear from the hearts of his countrymen, President Roosevelt moves from one step to another, till he reaches the anguish and despair of the hard-working humble citizen whose home must be taken from him because he can not pay off his mortgage with his dwindling income.

And the mortgage holder, after all, wants cash, and not a house that he probably can not sell or rent.

And so the President calls on Congress, and Congress acts, to end these conditions creating "fear and despair among both home-owners and investors."

Out of about $20,000,000 outstanding on home mortgages, nearly half is on the homes worth $10,000 or less to which the new home loan bill applies. And it is estimated that it applies to three-fourths of all American homes.

This legislation is launched as part of a broad national policy, and the home loan bill is expected to rank with the farm bill, the economy bill, and the banking legislation, as a major accomplishment of this session of Congress.

Another Life Preserver Needed!

—Cassel in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

WHILE all applaud the motives and purposes of the home loan bill, Congress works out the financial details. The idea is to have a new government-backed corporation which will start off with $200,000,000 worth of government money and can borrow as much as $2,000,000,000 more in 4 per cent. bonds with interest guaranteed by the Government.

But, of course, the man with the little home and the big mortgage wants to know how it concerns him, and so the Associated Press tells the citizen with an $8,000 mortgage on a $10,000 home:

"You would approach the Corporation, showing that you paid 6 per cent. interest or more, that you were dependable, and that your obligations were now too big for your income.

"Once convinced, the corporation would negotiate with the holder of your mortgage. It would seek a reduction of the mortgage to, perhaps $6,000. Successful, it would give to the mortgage holder in exchange for the mortgage $6,000 worth of bonds out of the new issue bearing 4 per cent. interest.

"You would get a new $6,000 mortgage bearing 5 per cent. interest, payable in monthly instalments over fifteen years.

"Should your financial condition be such that you could not make immediate payments, the corporation might grant you a three-year moratorium—but you must pay up after that.

"If there were no building and loan association in your community the corporation might establish a Federal one.

"But the value of your home must not be more than $10,000, nor could you obtain refinancing on a mortgage that covered more than 80 per cent. of the value of the property."

But how about that Home Loan Bank system that President Hoover started to help this self-same mortgage-burdened homeowner? The direct loan feature of this legislation, which has proved unworkable, is to be abandoned, but otherwise, as Senator Robinson of Arkansas explains, the Federal Home Loan Bank System, which is now advancing about $10,000,000 a week through the building and loan associations, the major portion of which is going into home loans, is not disturbed in any way.

"Neither the farm nor home loan relief plan is proposed as a cure-all for the mortgage situation confronting the rural or urban dweller," comments the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, "but it should help to reestablish confidence in real estate, urban and rural."

One State Ends Starvation Wages

"NO MORE STARVATION WAGES for women and children!"

That is the cry as New York takes the lead among great industrial States and puts through the minimum-wage legislation advocated by Governor Lehman.

Backing the fight and urging other States to take similar action, President Roosevelt pauses in his labors at Washington to send a special message to thirteen Governors.

The New York minimum-wage bill, which was speeded by Governor Lehman on evidence that some employers were taking advantage of the depression to exploit women workers, declares it against public policy for any employer to pay women or minors a wage which "is both less than the fair and reasonable value of services rendered and less than sufficient to meet the ultimate cost of living necessary for health."

"This," says the President, "represents a great forward step against lowering wages, which constitutes a serious form of unfair competition against other employers, reduces the purchasing power of the workers, and threatens the stability of industry. I hope that similar action can be taken by the other States for protection of the public interest."

The States to whose Governors the President sent his message are New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina, Alabama, and New Hampshire.

How will this new wage law work? The Wald bill, we read, creates wage boards within the State Department of Labor which will fix minimum wages for women and children in various classes of industry in various localities. As for the teeth in the measure, the New York *World-Telegram* explains that—

"The Wald bill provides penalties of fines ranging from $50 to $200 and jail sentences of from ten to ninety days for each week or fraction of a week's violation for every employee concerned in a wage decree violation. And this applies to all minors and to women of any age."

TURNING to other details, we find how public opinion will be brought to bear against recalcitrant employers:

"A wage board, made up of members of the public, employers, and workers, decide upon proper minimum-wage scales in a given industry. The board passes its recommendations on to the Industrial Commissioner, who publicly issues an order fixing the pay in a given industry at the stated minimum figures.

"If there are violations the State Commissioner of Labor on fifteen days' notice can summon the offender, and on finding him guilty penalize him by publication of his name and the facts in his case. After nine months the Commissioner can summon the offender to trial under the mandatory fine and jail penalties.

"The nine months period was allowed to make sure of the law's constitutionality by insuring the employer full opportunity to fulfil the wage board's findings, thus preventing the charge of arbitrary treatment.

"The Wald bill is a distinct advance in labor legislation."

"It is a welcome measure of benefit to employers and employees alike," agrees the Albany *Evening News*.

But some papers are skeptical. The result may be, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "that the employer will either undercut the fixt schedule or else dismiss his workers and permit them to become public charges."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

Is a miser what might be called a dough nut?—*Dallas News.*

THEY say that every day in Europe is Pan America Day.—*Tampa Tribune.*

THE trouble with making the dollar worth less is that we may make it worthless.—*American Lumberman.*

DIRIGIBLES might be some good in war, but they are far too disastrous to have around in peace time.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

AMERICA raises its voice bravely and firmly against race discrimination in Germany, and asks the world not to believe all the bad news from Alabama.—*The New Yorker.*

WE hope that when business does turn the corner, it will be on the square.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

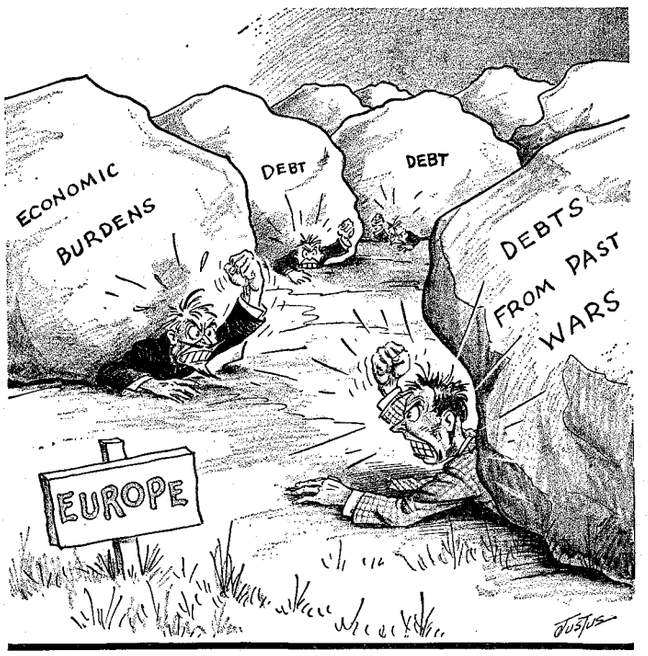
THE disappointment of extreme drys over beer's return is as nothing compared to that of Canada.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

SCIENTIST has invented a self-polishing shoe leather. And if it will just half-sole itself, too, our problem is solved.—*Dallas News.*

JAPAN wants Uncle Sam to take his fleet out of the Pacific, and would doubtless appreciate his blowing it up also.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

LET us have public confidence. And let us also have institutions that can preserve it without pulling the shades down.—*Sumter (S. C.) Item.*

JESSE ISIDOR STRAUS, America's new Ambassador to France, is head of the largest department store in the world that makes its customers pay cash. Wonder if France will take the hint?—*Greenville Piedmont.*



One Reason They Haven't Come to Blows

—Justus in the Cleveland "News."

WE remember when Hitler's mustache was what we disliked about him, and now it is the only thing we can stand.—*Lynchburg News.*

GREENLAND, the World Court has ruled, belongs to Denmark. Now all Denmark has to do is to find something to do with it.—*Hartford Courant.*

EVEN the purest-looking surface air has rubbish suspended in it, says a doctor columnist. You're telling us radio fans!—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

"How can I get my husband to tell me about his business affairs?" asks a wife of Dorothy Dix. Try to get him to buy a new car.—*Atlanta Journal.*

A SELF-POLISHING shoe leather has been developed by the Mellon Institute at Pittsburgh. The Greeks will have a word for that, too.—*The New Yorker.*

THE Democratic Administration is generous. It is going to give a lot of Republican ex-Congressmen a chance to learn all about reforestation.—*San Diego Union.*

CERTAIN individuals and institutions which found Candidate Roosevelt's program "too vague" are now finding President Roosevelt's program too darn specific.—*Lynchburg News.*

THOSE summer-dress-reform chaps are already beginning to poke their heads out again to suggest that we surrender our pants. Stand firm, boys! Don't let 'em sell America shorts!—*Boston Herald.*

NEWFOUNDLAND is trying to get rid of its frozen assets by offering Labrador for sale.—*Troy Times.*

WHAT a language. Sending 250,000 of us into the forest to get us out of the woods.—*Los Angeles Times.*

IT is now suggested that the Government consolidate all defense agencies except the D. A. R.—*San Diego Union.*

NOISE has a depressing effect, so it may be the rattle of ten million old cars that prolongs the depression.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

THE position of Germany in brief, is (1) there were no atrocities; (2) they will not happen again; (3) if the victims don't quit squawking, they'll wish they had.—*Dallas News.*

MARCONI says the next war will be a radio war. And can we turn it off when we get tired of it?—*Tampa Tribune.*

ONE thing that may be balling up the concert of European nations is the unpaid fiddler.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE complaint of the California wine-makers is that the new 3.2 law interferes with the freedom of the press.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

WHEN posterity inherits all of the debts, we imagine it is going to be the end of ancestor worship. — *Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

JUDGING from the number of its citizens who hold the title of Sir, England is the most beknighted nation.—*Florence Herald.*

A SENATE committee is going to begin investigating J. P. Morgan and Company. Morgan is liable to come out of this affair with a 51 per cent. interest in the United States Senate.—*San Diego Union.*

IT would be great if President Roosevelt could put the unemployed to work removing mortgages from farms.—*Ohio State Journal.*

WALLACE wants the farm bill passed without change. The change will be taken out of the taxpayer's pocket later on.—*Dallas News.*

"WHAT has become of all the optimists?" an editor wants to know. Our impression is that they are writing seed catalogs.—*Atlanta Journal.*

A MAN fishing in Florida caught a kingfish and died from the excitement. That's a dangerous sport down Louisiana way, too.—*Wichita Beacon.*

THE divorce of banks and affiliates is proceeding smoothly. After all, the ties that held them together were not very strong bonds.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

ONE thing the matter with the country is that we have so many Democratic Senators and Republican Senators and so few United States Senators.—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE closing date for assembling World Fair exhibits draws nigh in Chicago, with side-show promoters dashing frantically about in search of a paid school-teacher.—*Detroit News.*

FARLEY orders the postal-clerks to smile pleasantly at the patrons. If he expects the customers to smile back, however, he will have to reduce the letter rate to two cents.—*The New Yorker.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Polish-German Clashes That Perturb Europe

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST STUPIDITY.

That would seem to be the essence of Polish press comment cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST about attacks made on Germans in Upper Silesia and in Poland.

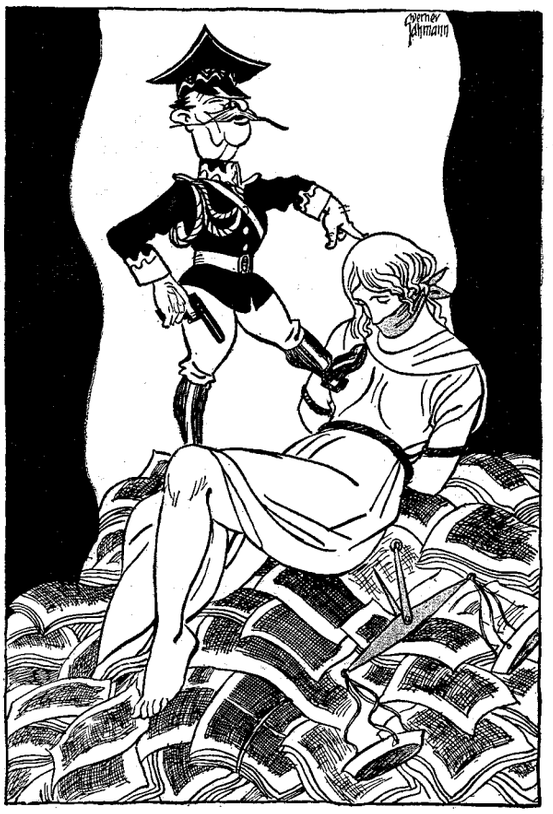
The reference is to so-called Polish reprisals against the Germans for the high-handed way in which the Hitlerites have been running things in Germany.

Polish editors incline to put all the blame on anti-Semitic Poles, who, they intimate, will be imprisoned together with Polish Jews found guilty of "imitating Hitler's methods."

The flare-up illumines once again for European editors the tension that more or less always prevails where there is a conflicting mixture of German and Polish population.

The slumbering embers kindled by the territorial readjustments of the Treaty of Versailles, say some of them, still hold plenty of live fire.

But what brought down the wrath of the Polish government and the Polish press on anti-German agitators began when Poles in Kattowitz, Upper Silesia, took revenge on the German National Socialists (German Fascists) by burning in the public square copies of the local German newspapers and also an effigy of Chancellor Adolf Hitler which had been decorated with the German Eagle.



A German Thrust at Poland

"Polish regard for justice toward German minorities."
—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

MINCING no words in its rebuke to Polish demonstrators, the Warsaw *Gazeta Polska*, official organ of the Polish Government, rails against their "illogical and stupid conduct." What is more, it raises a threatening hand against Polish agitators, whether they be anti-Semites or Jews, and it declares sharply:

"We have witnessed an imitation of the German methods of damaging the country, and they will not be tolerated by the authorities.

"Any young Polish anti-Semites desirous of imitating Hitler's methods in Poland will be imprisoned, together with Jews making raids on German newspaper offices.

"It is wrong to express one's feelings unlawfully. It is illogical and stupid to express one's indignation over the acts of a certain person by imitating those very acts."

Following the manifestations in Upper Silesia, Berlin press cables report, similar anti-German demonstrations took place in Lodz, and other Polish cities.

A mob in a frenzy of anti-German fanaticism gathered before the German Consulate in Lodz, relates the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and damaged the German shield with a hail of stones.

Another mob, we are told, destroyed the machinery of the German newspapers in that city, and smashed the windows and equipment of the German high school. German text-books were piled in a heap and burned.

Shops of German book dealers were stormed by angry Poles, and their stocks consigned to the flames, while in coffee-houses guests reading German newspapers were beaten. It is further reported that:

"A crowd in Czensochau entered a German cinema house and forced the audience to vacate. Then they went through the streets destroying German newspapers on the news-stands and in cafés and restaurants.

"A Polish students' organization has proclaimed a boycott against German goods, in reprisal for the attacks on three Polish students in Breslau by National Socialists.

"These attacks formed the subject of lively recriminations by Polish speakers at a mass-meeting in Myslowitz, which was attended by representatives of all the Polish patriotic societies in Silesia.

"One orator declared that if it came to war the Poles would not rest until they had incorporated within their frontiers all the territory inhabited by Poles.

"Feeling has run so high that in Warsaw the plea of a German firm for execution of a payment claim was rejected by the court on the extraordinary ground that if 'the debtor were to make a counter-claim in Germany as a Polish citizen, he could not collect.'"

THE boycott of German products, according to some Warsaw correspondents, has spread throughout Poland.

Many Polish organizations have voted to ban German goods, newspapers, and films.

All Jewish concerns, it is also reported, and many non-Jewish houses have severed their connections with German firms.

The violence to which German minorities have been subjected in Upper Silesia brought about intervention by the German Foreign Office, which instructed its Minister at Warsaw, Hans Adolf von Moltke, to make a formal protest to the Polish authorities against anti-German terrorism. The German Foreign Office announced this action as follows:

"The German Minister to Warsaw will demand that those guilty of excesses be severely punished, and that guaranties be given by the Polish Government that terrorism henceforth will be suppress by all means at the disposal of the Government.

"It will depend on the reply of Warsaw whether the German Government will bring the case before the League of Nations."

MEANWHILE, the Polish Government took steps, according to Warsaw press cables, to check acts of violence against Germans living in Poland.

The *Gazeta Polska* announced officially that the authorities will not tolerate any demonstrations such as those reported at Lodz, nor will it permit the confiscation of German newspapers and motion-picture films by private action.

But the boycott of German goods by Polish citizens will be tolerated, the *Gazeta* intimates, and adds that such a boycott "is all the more natural and understandable because the Reich has been carrying on economic warfare against Poland for years."

Yet this governmental newspaper points out that the boycott

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must not be organized, but must be something conducted privately.

In consequence of this announcement, Warsaw press cables relate, the Polish Students' Association called off the anti-German campaign it recently proclaimed.

Yet simultaneously, it is noted, the *Kurjer Poznanski*, a newspaper organ issued at Poznan for Polish Nationalists, cries out that Jewry, as well as the Germans, ought to be fought by the Polish people on the ground that both are responsible for all the misfortunes of the Poles.

This Poznan Nationalist organ is bitterly attacked in an editorial received by THE LITERARY DIGEST from the Berlin *Deutsche Tageszeitung*. This moderately Nationalist German newspaper gives the Polish Government credit for its disapproval of anti-German attacks, but maintains that anti-German propaganda still flourishes. Thus it argues:

"Altho the Polish Government has declared that it disapproves the excesses of the anti-German faction, propaganda in that country has been intensified.

"Their action is directed against the 'dreadful and gruesome terrorism to which Poles are subjected in Germany,' as the National Democratic jingo paper, *Kurjer Poznanski*, puts it.

"The truth about this terrorism is evident from the fact that Polish and German Upper Silesia have protested to the League of Nations regarding the prohibition of a Polish song festival in Gross Strehlitz. On such trifles is based the National Democrats' campaign against Germany."

Among other editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the German press, we find the Catholic Centrist *Koelnische Volkszeitung* suspecting that the anti-German situation in Upper Silesia is much worse than has been disclosed, and it claims that:

"Reports from Upper Silesia reaching Germany lag far behind the reality. Thousands of German newspapers were burned at Kattowitz, and the vendors of German papers daily expect their papers to be removed from the news-stands.

"Students who participate in the attacks are celebrated as heroes. It is desirable that the Polish Government definitely refuse to support the anti-German campaign."

THE rattle of the drum is heard in the comment of the Nationalist *Boersen Zeitung*, a Berlin financial organ:

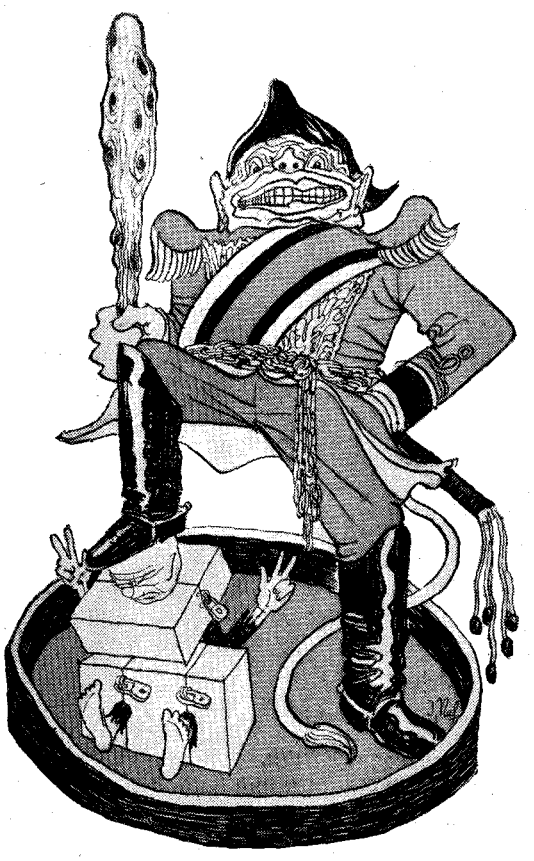
"There is no lack of means to bring Poland back to reason.

"It would be sufficient if Germany applied the principle of 'an eye for an eye' and answered every measure against Germans in Poland with measures against Polish irredenta in Prussia."

Popular animosity between the Germans and the Poles has reached such a pitch, says H. R. Knickerbocker in a copyright Berlin cable to the New York *Evening Post*, that both Governments are seriously concerned and are trying to allay the tension which has reached threatening proportions.

The nation-wide anti-German boycott by Polish Nationalists is being supported, according to the Telegraphen Union, a German news-agency, by allegations that "in Germany the entire Polish press has been suppress, Polish schools closed, and Polish citizens murdered and imprisoned."

The net result of these mutual attacks and recriminations, Mr. Knickerbocker avers, is "the growth of a war spirit highly unwelcome to both Governments."



A Swiss Slam

How the big fellow treats the little fellow wherever there are minorities in Europe.
—"Nebelspalter" (Zurich).

Spanish Women, Republican Style

SPAIN'S NEW WOMEN are the natural product of the change from Monarchy to Republic.

Tho they still have faith in the lure of a red flower in their hair, we are told, they are in a swift development of "emancipation."

Now they are competing with men in several branches of activity, notes John Bell, in a Barcelona letter to the London *Daily Mail*, because the Republican Constitution gives them equal chances with men in obtaining positions in the State services.

Already three women are members of the Cortes (Parliament), elected by men, and this informant wonders how many women deputies there will be when universal suffrage is in full swing. He relates further:

"Spanish women are preparing to shoulder the responsibilities put upon them by 'a democratic republic of workers of all classes.' They have joined the ranks of propagandists laboring in all kinds of causes, and are excelling in the art of oratory.

"In the intellectual domain they are capturing positions hitherto held exclusively by men. This month a young woman, Señorita Margarita Salaverria, has made history. She is the first Spanish woman to be given a diplomatic post won by examination.

"That exclusive body, the Academy of History, has, after 200 years, been compelled to admit a woman, Mercedes Gabrois Ballesteros, who ranks among the leading historians of Spain.

"The founding of the Republic has given a fillip to authorship. It has opened out many vistas, inspired many hopes, and it is natural that the women's point of view on the country's future should be sought."

IN Madrid, Seville, Valencia, Barcelona, and other cities of the Peninsula, one sees plentiful evidence of their emancipation, and this writer reports an athletic boom in the new Republic in which Spanish women, both married and unmarried, are giving an excellent account of themselves at playing tennis, hockey, and other games. Some one has even gone so far as to suggest that they open competition with Spanish toreadors and matadors. He goes on:

"They have more assurance. Always coquettes and under no illusion as to the exact value of their charms, they are seeking to increase their power by the aid of the beauty parlor.

"Their heads of lustrous black hair are an advertisement for the *peluqueria*, but not for the milliner, for mantillas as well as hats are now less worn even by middle-class women.

"But notwithstanding the widening of the women's sphere and the increased opportunities for usefulness given to them, the balcony is still the rendezvous of Dolores and her Juan, and Carmen, if less capricious, if less of a huntress, has still faith in the lure of a red flower in her hair.

"There is an athletic boom in Spain, and the senoras and senoritas are in it, excelling in tennis, hockey, and other sports.

"Only this week the suggestion has been put forward that they should invade the bull-ring, but so far it has met with no response, and one may well hope that it never will.

"There are many other laurels to be won by Spanish women, and they are winning them.

"Behold them now conducting orchestras in tea-rooms and singing in English love-songs composed in America. Spanish women have, indeed, arrived."

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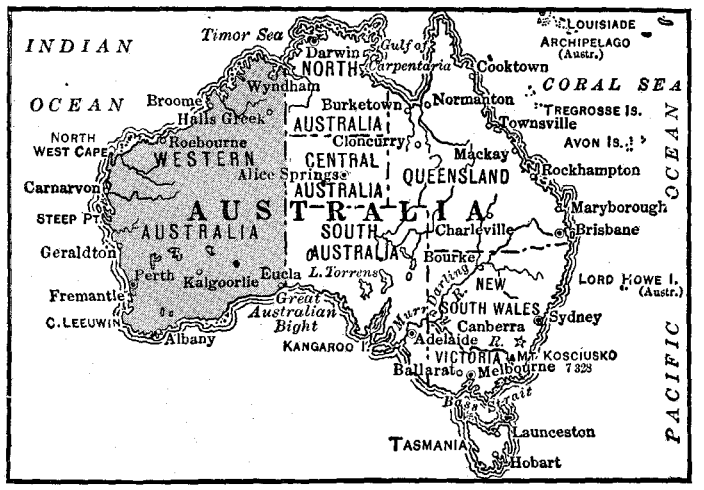
Western Australia's "Secession"

RISING IN THEIR WRATH, the "embattled farmers" of the State of Western Australia voted, in a State-wide referendum on April 8 in favor of secession from the Commonwealth.

Their grievance is that discriminating tariffs handicap tillers of the soil, fruit-growers and stock-owners, and they complain, according to one comment, that "the politicians of the East conveniently forget them except in a crisis."

The largest State in the vast Australian continent, West Australia, has an area of nearly 1,000,000 square miles, but with



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Where Australians Revolted by Ballot

The shaded area on the map shows the largest State in the Australian Commonwealth, Western Australia, where a majority, angered by agricultural distress, favor secession.

less than one-twentieth of the Commonwealth's total population of 6,500,000. In this region there is an undeveloped area, according to a Perth wireless to the New York *Times*, about the size of Western Europe.

The State has only five members out of seventy-six in the Commonwealth House of Representatives, and the West Australians assert that they are almost left out of the calculations of politicians working near the great Eastern cities of Sydney and Melbourne, each with a population of more than 1,000,000.

WHILE the Constitution gives Western Australia the same representation in the Senate as the populous States get, that safeguard, it is argued, has lost its efficiency as the Senate has ceased to fill the important part in Australian political life that originally was designed for it.

But it takes more than a vote to make secession a fact, it seems. United Press cables inform us that the Western State can win free only by consent of the Commonwealth Government, which is very unlikely. Even the British Parliament could not authorize the split without that consent. Prime Minister Lyons, of Australia, suggests a constitutional convention, but the Melbourne *Argus*, in a cabled editorial, thinks that would be "futile," and get nowhere. In the same election Western Australia chose a new State Premier, the Laborite Collier, and also voted against a constitutional convention. Collier is pledged to carry out the will of the voters, so no such convention seems possible. There, then, is the quandary.

Cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the Australian press reveal *The Argus* editorially emphasizing the vote on secession as merely a gesture of impatience at the Federal Government's high protectionist policy. But "it can not be regarded seriously as an effective move toward secession," and this influential newspaper goes on:

"The people had made up their minds that the time had come to indicate to the people of the Eastern States in an arresting fashion their resentment at the unfairness of the policies which gave uneconomic help to the secondary industries of the more populous States at the expense of the States which depended upon the primary industries.

"A more prosaic task than hanging the secession drum to startle their too complacent neighbors awaits the people of West Australia, but it is one offering possibilities of greater success.

"The policies which proved harmful to the primary producers of West Australia have injured also other primary producers of the Commonwealth. It is obvious that the way to combat them is to seek their repeal in the Federal legislature in which they were devised."

THE leading daily of West Australia, the Perth *West Australian*, looking toward the future, admits that Collier is apparently bound to oppose a constitutional convention, yet it rather favors one:

"It might possibly lead to the redress of many grievances that produced the secession psychology.

"Failure of the convention would lend greater force to West Australia's representations to the Imperial Government seeking secession."

Cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST, from the London press show that *The Daily Telegraph* is not deeply imprest by West Australia's secession vote, and this journal declares flatly:

"The vote should not be taken overseriously. It is to be hoped that the long standing grievances will be removed and that we will hear no more of secession."

Tho the secession vote may be only a gesture, it is valuable, in the opinion of the Manchester *Guardian*, which gives us a close-up of the unfavorable position in which the State of West Australia finds itself:

"It is one of the complaints of the men of the West that the politicians of the East conveniently forget them except in a crisis.

"The vote should at least remind the Federal Government in the most graphic way possible that a large part of its people are utterly weary of having the inevitable difficulties of the world depression enhanced by that fatal policy of strangling trade through high-tariff barriers, a policy in which Australia has been a chief offender."

China and the Chicago Fair

THE sudden decision of the Chinese Government not to participate in the coming Chicago Exhibition exasperates some Chinese editors.

True, they believe the official explanation that the national crisis in China prevents her from spending any money on an exhibit to be sent to the United States. But they reproach the Government because this is realized only after months and months of preparations by Chinese producers.

What the Government should have done, the Shanghai *China Critic* contends, was to refuse the invitation right at the start. But, this weekly notes, according to latest reports, a committee of Chinese producers has been formed to take over the duties of the China Commission for the exhibition which is being disbanded by the Government. Among its duties this privately organized committee will have to gather the necessary funds for shipments to Chicago. All this impels the *China Critic* to question whether China is really sufficiently equipped to participate in any such enterprise, and it remarks:

"While we realize how the producers must feel regarding the Government's decision not to join the exhibition, we can not nevertheless indorse their plan of sending the exhibit to America by themselves.

"We in the past participated in many exhibitions abroad, but experiences have taught us that seldom did our participation turn to be a success. The reason is, of course, not far to seek. China is, in comparison with other countries, a backward nation industrially, and is therefore in no position to compete with the other countries in the province where it does not excel."

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A President After Hollywood's Heart

WASHINGTON IS RECEIVING earnest attention from the theater arts.

While the Theater Guild is belaboring Congress in its play by Maxwell Anderson, called "Both Your Houses," the cinema "goes rather embarrassingly jingo" in "Gabriel Over the White House."

The latter "doesn't let a demagogic issue escape," says Richard Watts, Jr., of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and this critic thinks the film will become "enormously popular, because it does have something to say, and proceeds to say it heartily, if cheaply."

"It is as frank in its propaganda as any Russian picture, and it is managed with all the extravagant heartiness of an American melodrama."

The odd thing about it is that the film is based upon a book published anonymously here, but issued in England under the author's name, Thomas F. Tweed, said to be the youngest brigadier-general in the British Army during the World War.

One might suspect him of being of the school of Eric Linklater, whose "Juan in America" was the occasion of laughter here as well as in England.

But perhaps Hollywood has taken a satire too seriously.

Just let Mr. Watts run through the tale of this President who never did or could sit in the White House:

"At the beginning of the picture, *Judson Hammond* has just been elected President of the United States. He is merely a party hack; an amiable, commonplace fellow given to vague generalities and subservience to his managers. Then, while speeding along the highways outside of Washington he is in an accident, and when he has recovered he is a new man—or, rather, as the heroine says, *Gabriel the Messenger of God* has descended upon him, and he has become, as the poetic doctor puts it, 'a gaunt, gray ghost, with burning eyes.'

"Thereupon he discharges his conniving Cabinet, overawes Congress, establishes martial law, and organizes all of the unemployed into an army of reconstruction. He abolishes Prohibition by Executive decree, and when the gangsters bomb the White House he has them shot down by a firing-squad.

"As a climax he terrifies the foreign diplomats by a display of Uncle Sam's potential air prowess, forces Europe to disarm and pay her debts, and then dies gracefully, a new national hero."

PERHAPS because he has been sojourning at Santa Monica, California, Walter Lippmann, the political pundit of *The Herald Tribune*, has become movie-minded. So he turns movie critic, for the nonce, and bends his attention on "Gabriel Over the White House," having been moved thereto by the assurance of an "enthusiastic producer" that the public is "now more interested in public affairs than in sex." He begins by a word of reassurance to screen lovers:

"No doubt there are great possibilities. But my own inclination would be to reassure the great lovers by telling them that they are in no serious danger. They will not, I think, be pushed aside immediately by worthy but unattractive exponents of the gold standard and the regulation of public utilities.

"For now that I have seen some moving-picture statesmen, the great lovers seem not only more enchanting than ever but astonishingly more efficient, learned, and profound in their knowledge of what is common to the whole race of men. There are, no doubt, realms of being, particularly those which have their focus near the top of the human skull, that the great lovers do not know so much about. But what they know they do know.

"Judging by 'Gabriel Over the White House,' I should say that the body politic is one kind of body that Hollywood has not yet learned about. Indeed, I never dreamed that such virgin innocence could come out of the moving-pictures."

Then Mr. Lippmann gives you a specimen of his movie criticism:

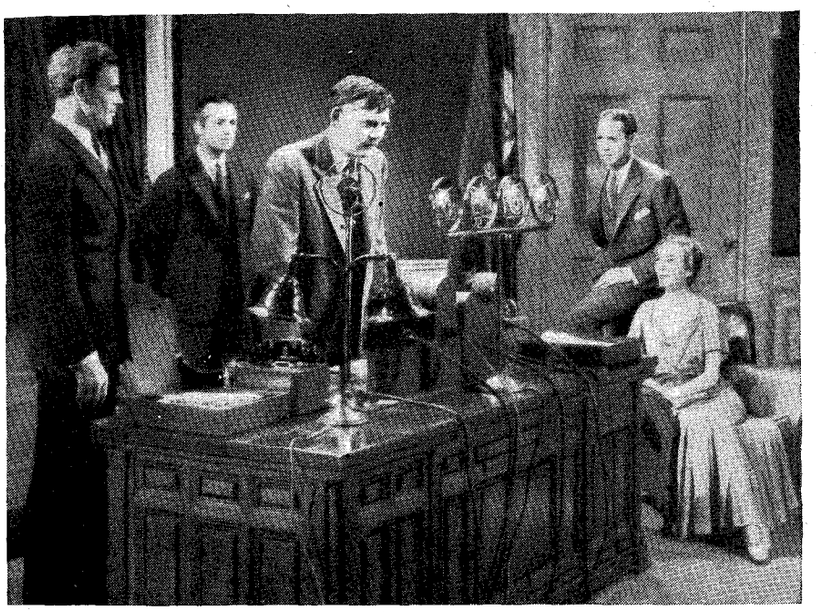
"The world of 'Gabriel' is the infantile world of irresistible wishes. More specifically, it is a dramatization of Mr. Hearst's editorials. There is, for example, the great central scene in which the comatose but inspired President settles the debt question and the problem of armaments.

"The Ambassadors of all the nations are summoned to meet him on the deck of a yacht, and a microphone which broadcasts to the whole wide world is set up. The whole world is listening and, of course, understands English.

"The President, who by this time contrives to take on a little of the look of Abraham Lincoln, has a brief argument with one sly, effete, and absurd foreign diplomat after the other. To each, in brilliant and invincible repartee, he lays down the law, and his notion of repartee is to be just as insulting as possible. Then, to make sure that no foreigner will overlook the fact that he is being bullied, the fleet passes in review.

"Instantly the world capitulates. The President of the United States has told the world in no uncertain terms where it gets off, and off it gets. The nations agree to pay their debts and to disarm. In a magnificent affair at the White House the Ambassadors sign the treaty on the dotted line, and the President, the savior of mankind through the Gospel of Mr. Hearst, has heart failure and dies in the arms of his mistress.

"So I say, long live the great lovers of the screen, the cute ones and the dark purple ones, the wistful ones and the man-eaters. They fill the vacant hours and they have no ax to grind except at the box-office."



President Who "Tells the World"

That the countries owing money to the United States must pay their debts.

The English author confesses to have written the book while taking a holiday trip on a Mediterranean cargo boat, so Mordaunt Hall of the New York *Times* tells us. The theme of the book is attributed to a statement made by Gordon Selfridge to the effect that "what the United States needs is a benevolent dictator."

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England's New Literary Leaders

GEORGE MOORE AND JOHN GALSWORTHY have just died. Arnold Bennett preceded them but shortly. And not so long ago went Joseph Conrad, W. H. Hudson, Thomas Hardy, and Henry James.

There is nothing left to do but to "sift and appraise their achievement."

Who have taken their places? asks *The Evening Standard* (London). And it goes on to name Somerset Maugham, J. B. Priestley, Rose Macaulay, Aldous Huxley, A. J. Cronin, Louis Golding, Clemence Dane, and Charles Morgan.

Diplomats Sign on the Dotted Line

Tho they agree to disarm, the President suffers a heart attack. (See page 13.)

It is notable that D. H. Lawrence is unmentioned either living or dead.

Some living writers may think their omission an error; but the above is what *The Evening Standard* lists as the vanguard, and it turns to give some personal glimpses. Maugham is evidently the doyen of the group, for he was born in Paris in 1874:

"He is cosmopolitan: his upbringing made him so. Born in Paris; at school in England; thence to the University of Heidelberg. He came back to London and began to walk an East End hospital.

"Out of his East End experiences came his first novel, 'Liza of Lambeth.' He has declared that there is little imagination in that book; that all he did was to put on paper the things that were under his eyes.

"It decided him, anyway, to abandon medicine for letters. The journey was not easy; he knew hard times; 'Mrs. Craddock,' one of his early novels, was refused by eighteen publishers.

"He has the jaw of a man who sticks to what he begins. He became a resounding success, financially and artistically. He once had four plays running simultaneously in London theaters. You are as likely to hear that he is in Siam, Borneo, or Singapore as in London, Paris, or Berlin."

J. B. PRIESTLEY, son of a schoolmaster, born in 1894, was so recently among us, that his ability to irritate from outspokenness must be still remembered. We read here:

"The outbreak of the war found him twenty years of age. He at once enlisted and served till 1919 with the Duke of Wellington's and Devon Regiments. When demobilized, he went to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and then came to see whether the streets of London, and Fleet Street in particular, were really paved with gold.

"A brisk descriptive pen gave him an almost instant success as a journalist, and 'Brief Diversions,' published in 1922, and 'The English Comic Characters' (1925) showed him to be an essayist and critic of striking quality. He wrote two novels, 'Adam in Moonlight' and 'Benighted,' which, some of his critics thought, did not suggest that he had a 'big success' in him.

"In 1929 he collaborated with Hugh Walpole in a disappointing novel called 'Farthing Hall,' and in that same year came 'The Good Companions,' which made his name better known than that of any other writer of his generation.

"The anonymous author of 'The Gold Falcon' introduces Priestley under a thinly disguised name, and says he caught Remarque's readers 'on the rebound' from 'All Quiet on the Western Front.' However he did it, he achieved a spectacular success not likely to be repeated for many a day.

"Mr. Priestley lives at Highgate in the house in which Coleridge wrote 'Kubla Khan.'"

THE first of the two women has Scots blood, but while we are told her male forebears became Anglican parsons, such descent "hardly accounts for the sprightliness and wit of the author of 'Potterism,' 'Crewe Train,' and many another novel":

"Light-heartedness remarkably unmixed with light-headedness has been the recipe for Miss Macaulay's work, and the real content wrapt in her charming tissue was rightly recognized when 'Dangerous Ages' was awarded the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize.

"The latest novel, 'They Were Defeated,' strikes with success a deeper, unexpected note.

"Miss Macaulay once said: 'My mother liked reading detective stories and wearing her oldest clothes. She disliked sewing, mustard, cats, and very recently born individuals. My father liked walking and disliked afternoon callers. I share all these likes and dislikes.'"

Aldous Huxley, tho not the youngest, seems to rank as the *enfant terrible* of the group. He was born in 1894, and—

"He was educated at Eton and Balliol, is short-sighted, six feet five inches in height, and has said, 'I do not write for my readers.'

"His first published work was 'The Burning Wheel,' a volume of poems that saw the light during the war. With each successive book he has more deeply enchanted those who like his work, more deeply antagonized those who do not.

"J. B. Priestley found in him 'a deepening grievance against life'; but his more virulent opponents would suggest that he can have no grievance against that which he has never apprehended. He is as squeamish as a maiden vegetarian in a slaughter-house.

"Since D. H. Lawrence's death, Aldous Huxley is probably the most 'banned' of authors. The Alexandria Book Club burned 'Antic Hay'; 'Brave New World,' which Bishop Hensley Henson declared to be 'repulsive,' was banned by the Australian customs, and, more intelligently, by the Irish Free State.

"His work is intensely idiosyncratic, and an intelligent man must read it whether he likes it or not."

A. J. CRONIN is Scots, thirty-six, and a doctor who abandoned that profession for novel writing. His "Hatter's Castle" has been read here, but probably less widely than some of the other authors mentioned.

Known here as journalist as well as novelist, Louis Golding has achieved a huge success in both countries with "Magnolia Street," which represents Manchester, where he was born in 1895:

"He spent his childhood in a district where on every other shop the announcements are in Hebrew and the dark eyes that flash at you are those of Rachel or Jael.

"He left Oxford to become a wanderer upon the face of the earth, with Doomington, which is Manchester, always in the background of his consciousness.

"He has tramped the world with a rucksack on his back, and he has written voluminously of what he has seen. Before 'Magnolia Street' came there were many books which testified to his artistry. But that book was sure to come some day.

"For ten years, he has said, he was making sketches for it because 'the most mysterious and tremendous people I had ever

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met or should meet were precisely those shoemakers, tailors, barmaids, clerks, sailors, carpenters, among whom I was born."

Artist, actress, novelist, playwright, chicken-farmer—that is Clemence Dane:

"But writing was her great love; and she found success both with novels and plays. Out of the profits of 'A Bill of Divorcement' she bought a derelict Devonshire farm and made of it a charming home where she and her chickens have a splendid time."

"The Fountain" has made Charles Morgan well known to American readers. He was born in 1894, the same year as Huxley and Priestley:

"Morgan was educated for the Royal Navy. He served in the Atlantic and on the China station between 1911 and 1913, when he resigned. He joined the Navy again in 1914 and served throughout the war. He is now a dramatic critic.

"Charles Morgan's reputation as a novelist was very quickly made. It rests on two books: 'Portrait in a Mirror,' which gained him the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize in 1930, and 'The Fountain,' published last year. Those who care may see in the two titles something of the essence of Morgan's work: something at once crystalline and liquid, pure of dross, and a little lacking in the lively animalculæ that infest beverages less immaculate.

"But any one concerned for letters is glad to know that 'The Fountain' was a great success in this country and America."

Debunking Lawrence of Arabia

DEBUNKING WAS THOUGHT to be an outworn literary fad.

All of the great dead of the past had served their turn. But there are still some living heroes; and it appears that their turn is coming.

Lawrence of Arabia, alias Aircraftsman Shaw, is said to be resigning from the Royal Air Force, so Mr. Hannan Swaffer of *John Bull* (London) seizes on him and writes an "open letter" telling Mr. Lawrence that his turn has come. It's like this:

"My Dear Lawrence: So they say that you are leaving the Royal Air Force.

"It would be nice to know that disarmament had come true, if only to that extent. For, like many other people, I am utterly sick of reading in the newspapers about your latest 'secrecy.'

"Never was the mysterious so public as in your case. Altho it is not your fault, I am sure, your modesty has become a form of blatancy.

"You were 'Colonel Lawrence.' You were 'the Uncrowned King of Arabia.' And now you are 'Aircraftsman Shaw.' How silly!

"After being the hero of scores of thrilling exploits in the desert, after brilliant work in the war, after being praised, or blamed, for a score of plots and schemes for this, or against that, you changed your name and hid yourself in a humble uniform in the Royal Air Force, because you wanted peace and quiet, they said, for the great task of translating the Odyssey!

"Then it was not for that reason. It was because your doctor had warned you that you had only eighteen months to live. Well, it is a new one on me that dying men are allowed to enlist in the Fighting Services. Of course, I do not believe a word of it, and I do not believe anybody believes a word of it. But they kept on printing it.

"Well, anyway, 'Aircraftsman Shaw' was cheaper, I am certain, than 'Colonel Lawrence.' We all know you are a hero, a chivalrous gentleman, a scholar, a Paladin. We know that millions of Arabs trusted you when they would trust no one else.

"But I have just returned from that part of the world where you made such a great reputation. And, frankly, my own idea is that adventures such as yours merely cost the country a great deal of money and, in the end, lead to nothing.

"You see, the trouble about you was that you were so utterly unselfish, so far beyond suspicion. When other Englishmen have gone abroad, they have sometimes grabbed large tracts of territory, or been the nominees of some plundering commercial enterprise.

"When you advised some new diplomatic move, governments listened to you because you were so utterly unselfish about it all. And, quite frankly, between you and me, diplomacy, to-day, has been proved to be just the bunk.

"I was in Syria a few weeks ago. Now it was with your aid that the Emir Faisal became King of Syria. This was hailed as 'the culminating step in the working out of the British policy in the Near East.' Where is it?

"When I was in Damascus, there wasn't any Emir Faisal there. He had sloped off somewhere else to found another kingdom, or to start some new trouble by his own aggrandizement. Somebody had told him to get out of Syria, or else he had merely run away on his own.

"And there were the unfortunate Syrians being tyrannized over by the French."

From "John Bull" (London)

Lawrence Unmasked

His "modesty has become a form of blatancy," says Hannan Swaffer.

MR. SWAFFER has some more bile to work off. He sneers at the great price, £400, for a copy of "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," which was the title of the unabridged "Revolt in the Desert." He sniffs at the man who said to him: "I have held 'Seven Pillars of Wisdom' in my hands," and thinks "this sort of hero-worship is a public menace." And goes on:

"Frankly, we have lost faith in all this sort of stuff. It has all failed, you see. The great diplomats are all exposed. The world's great 'mysteries' are all 'revealed.'

"We realize that we have been kidded for years. All the wise people like you have failed; whether, in the desert, they have drest like Arabs, or whether, on their way to the Foreign Office, they wore tall hats in Bond Street, we do not believe it any more. The whole world is seeking freedom. And yet the whole world is clubbed by tyrants. The tumult and the shouting has died . . . or was it only just starting? It isn't your fault. You are just the goat, like everybody else."

The Cover

NEW ENGLAND is written sharply on the face of this Gloucester fisherman.

He looks out to sea from his background of fishing boats with sharp eyes in his weather-beaten face.

In our issue of August 1, 1931, we gave another of Joseph Margulies's works, a fisherman of Ogunquit, Maine, and then told of his studies in New York and Europe.

Tho born in Austria he paints as an American—

"A follower of no school or sect, but from absorption of great art, profound study, and deep concentration, he has evolved a distinctly personal view-point, mastering a technique that is entirely his own.

"His first studies were at Cooper Union, where he went as a boy, and where he received his first prize. Later, at the Arts High School of the Ethical Culture School, he was awarded a two-year scholarship. He now teaches in both schools. He also studied at the National Academy of Design, where he received more prizes and new honors.

"From there he entered the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation on a fellowship, having been invited on the excellent quality of his work. Europe was his next adventure. He spent three years in traveling, visiting the great galleries of the world, and in study in Paris."

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Making a German Christ for Germany

GERMAN NAZIS ARE NAILING the swastika to the Cross to make an Aryan Church.

All traces of the Jewish ancestry of the Christian faith are to be removed by making Christ a German and by substituting German mythology for the Old Testament. Thor and Wotan will be substituted for Moses and Isaiah, and tribal sagas will take the place of Proverbs and Solomon's Songs. Jews may not enter the new sanctuary, and those who marry Jews will be excommunicated.

However, it is only a small group among Germany's 40,000,000 Protestants, we are told, who are engaged in this tremendous undertaking to establish a new church on a new theology. The rest of the German Protestants, it seems, are appalled at the thought of such a plunge into a combination of pagan medievalism and Christian creed. American Lutherans, too, disown it.

This effort to capture the Church for the Nazis is undertaken by a group known as the "German Christians," who recently held their first federal congress. They have adopted, according to dispatches to this country, the following principles:

"God has created me as a German.

"Teutonism is a gift from God.

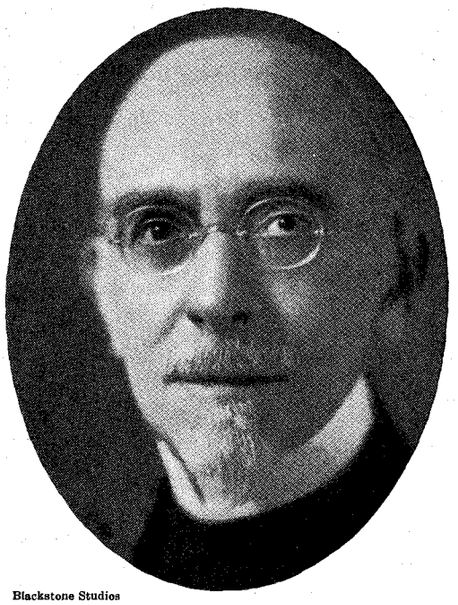
"God desires that I fight for my Germanism.

"War service is in no case a ravishing of the Christian conscience, but is obedience to God.

"The faithful have the right of revolution as against a church official who does not recognize the national uprising, and that unreservedly.

"The goal of the religious movement of the 'German Christians' is an Evangelical German Federal Church.

"The State under Adolf Hitler calls to the Church, and the Church must heed the call."



Blackstone Studios

A Nazi Church Improbable

Says Dr. Fred H. Knubel, president of the United Lutheran Church in America. The "German Christians," he adds, "are a small and unimportant group in Prussia."

PREPARATIONS were made to introduce at Frankfurt a new church constitution and abolish church parliamentary government. In this new church, John Elliott tells us in a copyrighted dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, racial purity will be recognized as a fundamental requirement for membership, and Christians married to "members of an alien race" (meaning the Jews, says Mr. Elliott) will be excommunicated. Church taxes, at present paid only by church members, will be replaced by a State tax on all citizens.

The Nazi churchmen demand, also, that all the present-day leaders of German Protestantism, such as Dr. Friedrich Dibelius, general superintendent of the Evangelical Church; Dr. Georg Burghart, of the Berlin Cathedral, president of the German branch of the World League for Friendly Cooperation, and Dr. Bruno Doehring, dean of the Berlin Cathedral and formerly chaplain-in-ordinary to the Kaiser, be removed from office and replaced by deserving Hitlerites.

The spirit of the proposed Nazi reforms was exprest by Pastor Wieneke, of Soldin, who said: "Let us go back to nature. The swastika and the Cross of Christ belong together. If Christ were to arise in our midst to-day, He would certainly be a leader in the struggle against Marxism and internationalism."

An attack upon Dr. Dibelius by Wilhelm Kube, Nazi floor-leader in the Prussian Diet, was followed by great applause, we read. Herr Kube took Dr. Dibelius to task for asserting in a recent circular that the Evangelical Church considers all men of all political opinion to be under God's judgment.

Sounding the key-note of the meeting, Herr Kube promised that the Nazi majority in the Prussian Diet would see to it that "radical reconstruction in the Church follows," and promised that the National Socialists "will ever be champions of the religious movement of the German Christ and will carry out the German revolution in the spirit of Martin Luther."

Strong resolutions adopted ask "equal fusion of the Church with the Nazi movement in a pure Aryan spirit; equalization of organist and pastor, and the living language to the exclusion of the ancient; dismissal of the Old Testament basis, and substitution of the German inheritance; instead of prophets, sagas and fairy-tales to take the leading personalities from German spiritual, philosophical, and artistic life."

"OUR fate," said Herr Rosenberg, who is expected by some political observers to become the moving force in the Foreign Office, "is to fight for new times and for new futures. The new mythology can not be downed. The personifications of this mythology are the World War heroes, and the new German movement shows that uncounted millions are beginning to understand our 2,000,000 martyrs as a new living mythology and as a new religion."

"For us," said Pastor Hossenfelder, "a Nazi storm-trooper, in his battle equipment, is more God-inspired than a Church which fails to join rejoicingly in the call for the Third Reich."

The policy the Nazis will adopt toward the Roman Catholics remains uncertain, we are told. But the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, a monarchist newspaper, warns Chancellor Hitler that the proposal to install State commissioners to control church organizations would lead to a great conflict with the Catholic Church. "German Catholicism will not lightly accept exclusion of the Pope," it says. "Shall the Pope also be coordinated?"

Constituting Germany's largest religious denomination the German Protestants are, for the most part, we read in *The Herald Tribune*, members of the German Evangelical Church Union, which took form in 1924. German Protestantism arose, originally, from both the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches, but a movement toward union developed as far back as 1815. Other Protestant groups include a relatively small number of Old Lutherans, who did not join the Evangelical group, and some Moravian communities, Quakers, Methodists, and Baptists.

All these Christians, according to a statement by Gotthard Rachner, member of the National Board of German Christians, are opposed to the Nazi religious program. They "desire," the United Press reports him as saying, "the maintenance of the entire body of the Christian faith, including the Old Testament. The substitution of profane sagas is unthinkable. A reform of school-teaching might possibly provide," he says, "greater emphasis on the New Testament without, however, entirely discarding the Old."

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American Lutherans are inclined to doubt that the Nazists will be able to control the Church in Germany.

RECENT reliable information from private sources, says Dr. Ralph H. Long, executive director of the National Lutheran Council, in a published statement, shows that the "German Christian" group is a movement affecting less than one-third of the total Protestant membership of 40,000,000. It is, he says, "a movement within the church but not of the church."

"Earnest members of the churches are reported," says Dr. Long, "to be grateful that the present Government has delivered them from great dangers to their peace and safety, especially from that arising out of the atheistic movement, directed by the Society of the Godless."

The "German Christians," says Dr. Frederick H. Knubel, president of the United Lutheran Church in America, are merely a small group in the State of Prussia, which "desires to be allied to the present Government, and would, if it could, establish one national church of Germany." They have not had any important influence upon the Church in Germany, he says, "altho they have aimed to give wide publicity to their purposes."

THE present reports from Germany are likened by Dr. Knubel to dispatches from Italy years ago which "aimed to assure us that Mussolini intended to take the Catholic Church under his wing and to establish it as an Italian Church." Dr. Knubel reminds us that there is no national church in Germany, and that other recognized churches include the Roman Catholic Church, which holds a surpeme position in several States, the Methodist, and the Baptist.

"These reports," says Dr. Knubel, "reveal once more that we must carefully sift all news coming from a land that is in process of tremendous political changes."

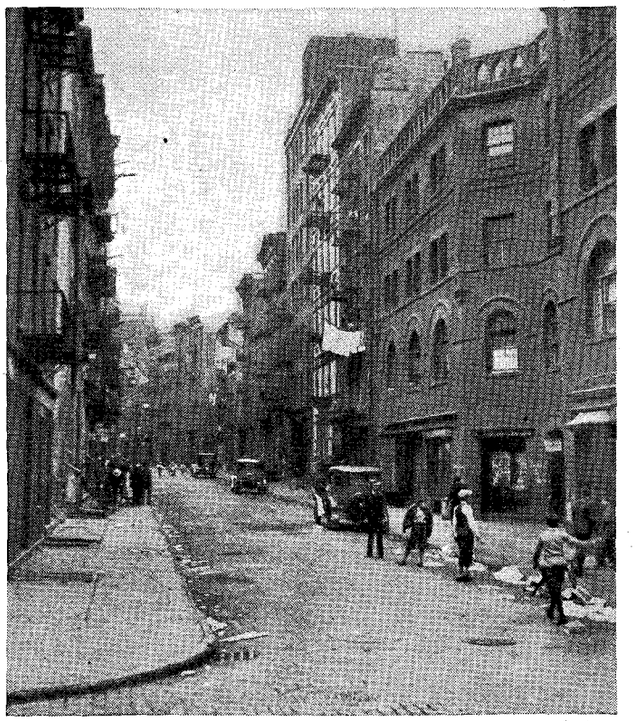
Concurring in Dr. Knubel's statement, Dr. Samuel G. Trexler, president of the United Lutheran Synod of New York, says, "the Church is above all national governments. The world has happily been evolving out of a union of Church and State. The program of the 'German Christians' would anew plunge the conscience of mankind into medievalism. I believe the Christians of Germany will not tolerate such a movement."

"If the Old Testament is not good enough for German National Socialism, what must we say of the New?" asks the Baltimore *Sun:*

"After all, it was Jesus, also a Jew, who said: 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.'

"And does not the New Testament contain the Epistles of St. Paul (born Saul), who had been something of a pre-Hitlerite himself, but evolved into the great apostle of universality? Surely none was more Jew than he. Can the writer of the declaration that 'charity never faileth' be accommodated in the Nazi gospel?

"It would seem simpler to pitch the whole Bible overboard rather than to mock the scanty remainder by the Nazis' approval."



Wide World

The "Lung Block"

New York's worst tenement-house block, which is to be demolished to make room for an airy, sanitary housing built on modern standards. Nearly 3,000 people live in these rookeries.

Air and Sun for the Infamous "Lung Block"

AT LAST!

The infamous "lung block" on the lower east side of Father Knickerbocker's big town is to go. A new village, to be named after him, is to spring up in its place. Plenty of air, sunlight, and elbow room, and no more little consumptives to be carried off to the free wards. What a saving in health, happiness, and good citizenship!

"Lung block" is the name given to New York's worst square of squalor by Ernest Poole when he was living at the University Settlement in the days when tenement-house reform was talk. Thirty-three years ago the Tenement House Committee condemned it as the "worst" in the city.

"I know of no tenement-house block in New York which is so bad from a sanitary point of view, or from a criminal point of view," the late Robert W. de Forest observed a few years later. "Every consideration of public health, morals, and decency requires that the buildings on this block be destroyed at an early date."

Now, in 1933, they are to be demolished, thanks to the enterprise of the Fred F. French Company and the aid of the R. F. C., which loaned $8,075,000 for the clean-up and the building of Knickerbocker Village on the site.

It consummates a dream Mr. French had when he was recuperating in a hospital four years ago.

But, he says, "it was the President and the Secretary of the Treasury who finally put it over. President Roosevelt is very enthusiastic about it." When Mr. French made his application to the R. F. C. he was supported also by the State Housing Board, the Emergency Public Works Commission, and former Gov. Alfred E. Smith.

THESE rookeries, as Mr. Smith calls them, house close to 3,000 men, women, and children. They will be replaced by twelve-story-and-basement fireproof apartments of steel and concrete construction. They will contain 1,662 apartments and 6,030 rooms at an average rental of $12.50 a room per month.

Work will begin in the first part of May, and, according to a published statement by Mr. French:

"It will provide immediate unemployment relief, 2,000 men will be engaged actually on the site, another 8,000 in shops, foundries, factories, mines, lumber camps, etc. About $8,000,000 will be distributed among about 10,000 people, averaging about $800 per person per year.

"It will encourage the revival of business in a broad sense, and may lead to other like developments in other cities.

"It definitely will give to the families and their children, 1,600 of them who will live in this development, a new type of living which will stand as a model for the country at large."

"Here," comments *The Times*, "is a genuine venture in slum clearance, not on so large a scale as might be desirable, but at

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least directed at the right point." "It is," says *The World-Telegram*, "one of the most heartening things that have happened in New York City during the depression."

But with *The Herald Tribune* it is still a question whether any large number of such projects could be successfully undertaken. "A rebuilding project covering, say, the whole of the lower East Side," it thinks, "would raise possibly insoluble problems in economics, taxation, finance, city plan and social requirements, not the least of which would be the problem of housing those who now live in the 'lung blocks,' since the $12.50-a-room rental in the new construction is considerably above the minimum rentals now paid by the poorest classes. In other words, the single new apartment will not permit us to assume that the housing problem is solved, fine tho the project is in itself."

Courtesy of the Fred F. French Company

Here Lungs Will Be Safe

Knickerbocker Village, which is to displace the rookeries seen in the other picture. It is to be built by the Fred F. French Company, with the aid of a loan of $8,075,000 from the R. F. C.

A MASSED attack on all slums is taking place in Great Britain, where they have been a problem for many generations. In moving the third reading of a new housing bill in the House of Commons, Sir Hilton Young, Minister of Health, declared: "Too long have the slums acted as radiating centers of disease of the body, mind, and social order. The clearance work must be done, and the Government means to see it through."

According to the London *News Chronicle*, the Government would provide the essential finance in the form of a subsidy, and such financial provision as might be required in order that the work may be carried on with the greatest possible speed and efficiency.

"In an age of electricity and chromium plating," writes H. V. Morton in the Laborite London *Daily Herald*, "millions of people are living in surroundings as barbaric as those of our Saxon forefathers. They are actually worse, for in the old days the serf, no matter how hard his life, was a kind of poor relation, whereas the modern slum-dweller is an outcast."

Mr. Morton has made a tour of the slum districts of the great industrial cities of England. They have appalled him, and he declares emphatically:

"*The slums of Britain, that mountain of bad living, are a cancer in our national life.*

"A country is happy and fortunate only in proportion to the well-being of its people, and while we suffer this army of outcasts—from whom, by the way, we are glad to take votes and rent—to exist in conditions that are a disgrace to them and to us, we can not call this country great or happy.

"We have clearly reached the end of an epoch. Our first task is to bring ourselves up to date. We can not talk about Progress and Civilization while millions of our people are still bogged in the nineteenth century."

Prophets Rap Profits

PROPHETS THUNDER AGAINST the profit motive as one of the chief causes of our economic ills.

Greed is indicted as the thief of human rights by Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews.

Pope Pius XI, the Federal Council of Churches, and the Conference of American Rabbis have attacked the "accurst hunger for gold" and "the cruel wealth of the few," and warned that moral chaos will result unless the plight of the underprivileged is permanently relieved.

More recently, 160 prominent Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish ministers, meeting in New York, issued a manifesto calling for a "new deal" for the underprivileged. Something more than the "palliative of emergency relief" is needed, it is recited, "to reestablish justice and brotherly love." Adequate provision for the aged, unemployment insurance to "remove the haunting dread of destitution which gnaws at the heart of millions," and a reduction of the hours of labor to "check the breaking down of our hardly-won standards of living" are demanded.

Summing up a program, which contains "the minimum requirements," the manifesto concludes:

"The churches and the synagogs call for immediate provision of food and shelter for all the children of God; the opportunity for regulated work, and a sense of security for the worker; an economy inspired not by competitive greed, but human love and brotherhood that shall eventually prevent men from deriving their comforts from the discomforts and hurts of their fellows."

THE same ideals are demanded by the Methodist Ministers' Conference of New York City. The conference adopted a resolution of its social-service commission, of which Dr . Ralph W. Sockman is chairman, declaring its conviction that industry based on the profit motive is doomed.

The resolution recites:

"We now know that the Kingdom of God can not be built upon the poverty of the many and the absurd and cruel wealth of the few.

"It daily becomes more apparent that people have been used for gain when gain should have been used for people.

"Property rights have pushed aside human rights. Financial values have taken precedence over human values. This has resulted in such an uncontrolled orgy of production unrelated to consumption needs that our economic system is in a state of collapse.

"It is our conviction that industry based solely upon the profit motive is doomed.

"The least definition with which the Christian conscience can be satisfied is that society is an organized cooperation for providing the largest possible measure of life for the greatest number.

"The present system, which permits private hands to manipulate for profit the proceeds which are vital to the economic well-being of all our people, must be set aside, or so fundamentally changed, that the chief end of our economic activity shall be to meet the needs of all.

"Our traditional philosophy of rugged individualism must be modified to meet the demands of a cooperative age.

"We refuse to recognize that unemployment and depression are inevitable.

"Implicit in the Christian ideal of mutual aid are the possibilities of a planned society wherein production and consumption are properly related.

"This will involve also such a redistribution of wealth as to remedy the present gross inequity."

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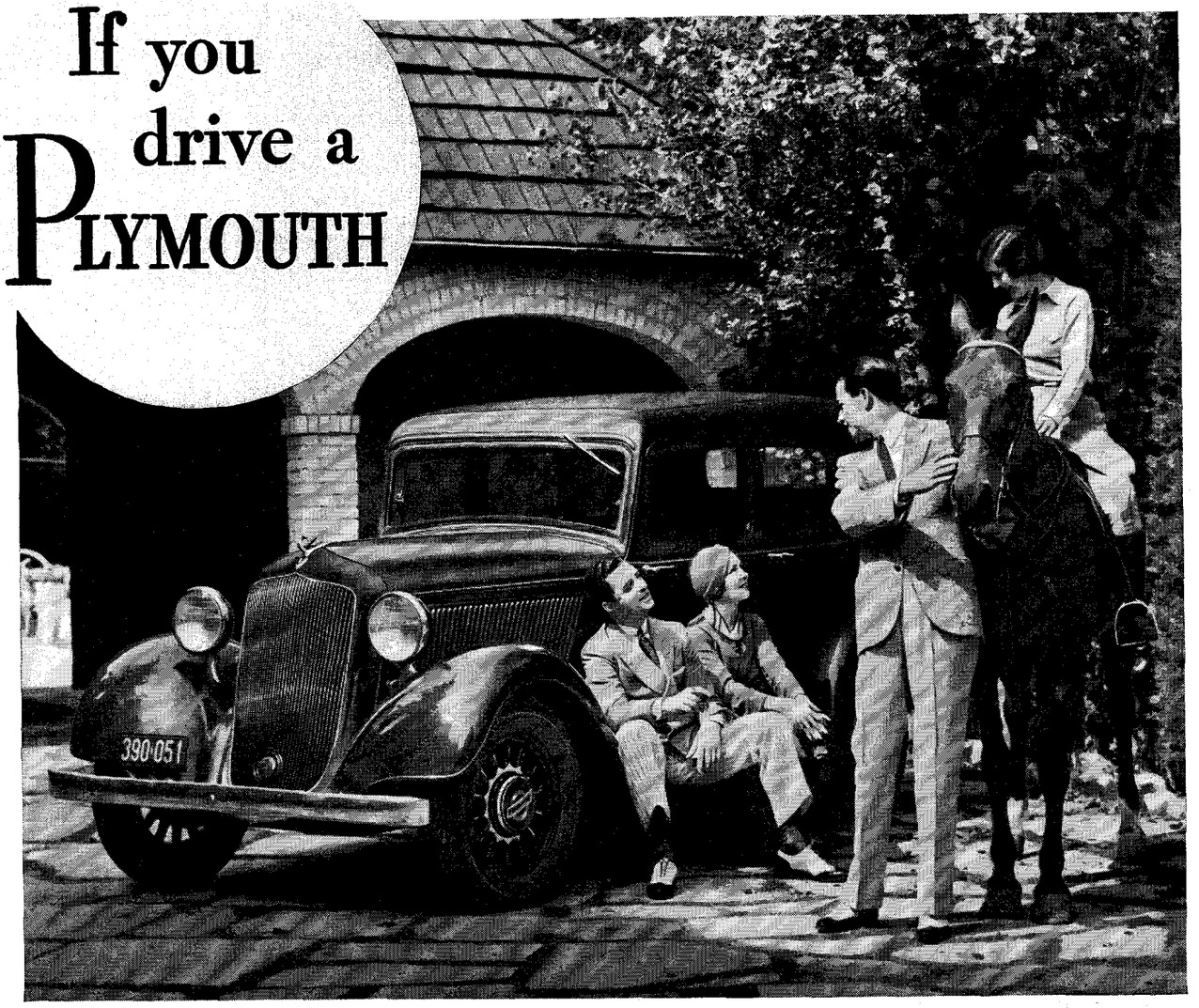

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Tune in on the Socony-Vacuum radio program, "The Inside Story of Names that Make the News," every Friday night at 9:30 E. S. T., Columbia Broadcasting System, coast-to-coast.

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West Virginia's Roadside Fountains

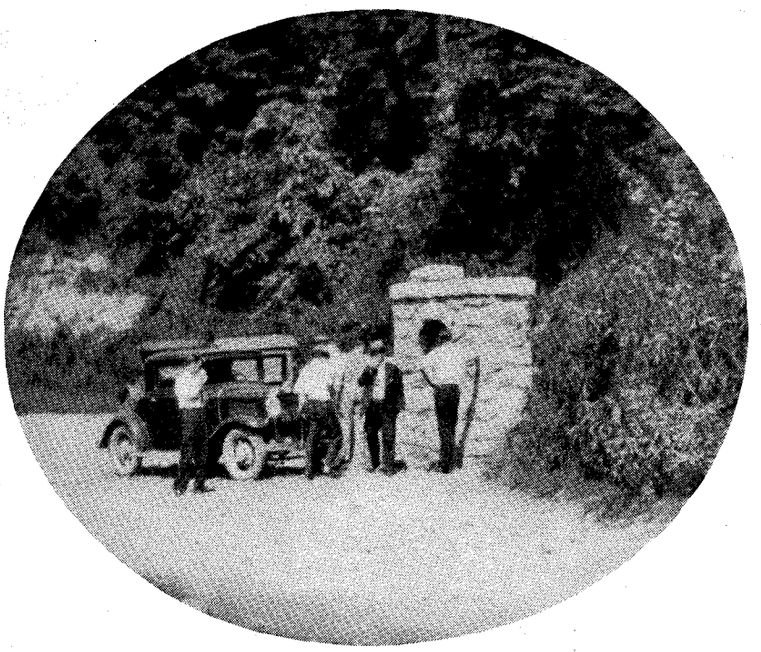
THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA not only builds good roads, but she supplies them with good drinking-water from roadside fountains.

Fortunately, the State is well equipped with mountains; from these the water-supply is obtained.

Just how it is managed is told in *Engineering News-Record* (New York) by L. P. Street, assistant engineer of the State road commission, with details and diagrams we have not room to reproduce. He writes:

"After a spring has been found in a favorable location, it is observed through a period of dry weather to determine if the supply of water is sufficient at all times. Factors entering into the selection of a site are scenic beauty, shade-trees and parking space.

"The State health department is then notified of the location of the spring. A representative of this department is sent to sample the water and to inspect the surrounding territory for possible sources of pollution. If a favorable report is received from the health department, an agreement is entered into with the property-owner conveying the water rights to the State.



Courtesy of *The Engineering News-Record* (New York)

"A Cup of Cold Water"

West Virginia is going after the Biblical blessing in a big way by lining her roadsides with drinking fountains. The water is cold in hot weather, too.

"At the source of the spring a supply basin is constructed, covered with a concrete lid, so that it is not possible for surface water to enter. An overflow pipe serves the double purpose of an air vent, and of maintaining a fairly uniform pressure at the fountain. A waste-pipe is placed near the bottom to be opened and used when the basin is washed and cleaned.

"Where the supply basin is located a long distance from the fountain, the water becomes warm in the summer before reaching the point of consumption. A cooling basin is placed at about a depth of twelve feet directly under the fountain. The warm water enters the top of this basin through the conduit pipe leading from the supply basin, the pressure forcing the cool water into the open pipe leading from the bottom of the cooling basin to the mouthpiece on the fountain. This method of cooling the water has proved to be very economical and effective."

MOST springs occur where the ground-water in a porous stratum is brought to the surface by an impervious stratum. If the natural yield is insufficient, as is often the case in dry weather, it can be increased by constructing a collecting gallery running parallel to the outcrop and leading to a central collecting basin. Mr. Street goes on:

"The most satisfactory type of collecting gallery is made by trenching into the impervious layer and laying a vitrified clay pipe with small openings. This pipe should be back-filled with gravel to a considerable height above the impervious layer.

"A pipe leading from the drinking fountain carries the waste water to a water-trough, which is built as an integral part of the fountain or located near by. This water is used to fill automobile radiators and as a drinking supply for animals.

"In cold climates it is not advisable to develop a water-supply that will not furnish a sufficient amount of water to keep a bubbler constantly flowing during the winter months. At points where the temperature falls as low as 10 degrees below zero, it is found that a bubbler flowing constantly will not freeze."

Hemorrhage Stopt by Bird's Muscle

CONFRONTED WITH A HEMORRHAGE, even a serious one, the doctor can now stop it instantly, under certain conditions, by a simple application of the muscle of a bird.

This, writes Dr. Ogliastri in *Science et Monde* (Paris), is a therapeutic novelty.

It has even removed a serious peril involved in certain operations—that of the possibility of a subsequent blood clot.

But this is among the possibilities of the future. The certainties seem to be as follows. Writes Dr. Ogliastri:

"The blood, as all are now well aware, is not, in a true sense, a liquid.

"It is composed of a solid part formed of microscopic elements referred to as globules, swimming in a liquid substance called plasma.

"The blood, as soon as it emerges from the vessels, undergoes physico-chemical modifications ending in its coagulation.

"The clot is made up of a substance termed fibrin, presenting the aspect of meshes or links close together, imprisoning the globules.

"It appears that fibrin is the product of the action of a substance technically termed 'thrombin' upon another substance normally in the blood plasma and known as 'firbrigenic'—giving rise, that is, to fibrin."

THE tissues, and especially the muscular tissue, of birds, contain the two substances—the plasma containing, for its part, only the fibrogenic substance. Dr. Ogliastri then proceeds to give us these further details:

"If we previously remove the blood of the bird in such a way that it has no contact with the tissue mass, the blood will remain liquid indefinitely, coagulation not being possible.

"These considerations have led certain authorities to utilize the coagulating power of the muscle of the bird.

"Hemorrhages are a real difficulty for the surgeon, and at the same time a great peril for the patient.

"All physical expedients hitherto adopted proving insufficient, Dr. de Martel and his aid had recourse to a biological procedure based upon the hemostatic action of the muscle of a bird.

"Thanks to this procedure it has been possible to check hemorrhages that must otherwise have proved fatal.

"Obviously a method capable of affording such service to the surgeon was speedily found susceptible of more general application.

"Other experts resorted to it in varying cases, especially to stop hemorrhages following dental operations or operations on the ear or larynx.

"Among the patients known technically as hemophiles—whose trouble is due to more or less difficulty where the coagulation of the blood is concerned—such hemorrhages may endanger life.

"Any bird almost can be used, but Dr. de Martel has employed the pigeon, because it can be obtained readily, and because its maladies, which are rare, occasion symptoms sufficiently definite not to be missed."

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SHOOTING THRU A WOMAN

ILLUSION:
The magician shoots the arrow—apparently *through* his lovely assistant—and it fixes itself in the very *center* of the bull's-eye! The girl smiles while the audience gasps!

EXPLANATION:
The arrow which the marksman "shoots through" his assistant simply folds up into the crossbow! The arrow which is embedded in the target is shot by the girl herself from a belt concealed under her dress when she touches a little spring. The girl also releases a ribbon from the front of her dress—the continuation, seemingly, of the ribbon attached to the arrow in the target.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED... IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

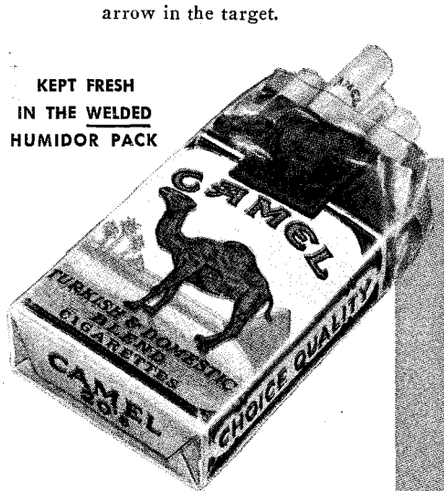
Let's look at the *illusion* in cigarette advertising that by certain magic processes raw, inferior tobaccos can be made as soothing as cough syrup.

EXPLANATION: The easiest cigarette on your throat is the cigarette that is made from the choicest ripe tobaccos. Cheap, raw tobaccos are, as you would naturally expect, *harsh* in their effects upon the throat. If you have to consider your throat, the quality of the tobacco in your cigarette is important.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Camels are as non-irritating as a cigarette can be because Camels use choice, ripe, costlier tobaccos . . . in a matchless blend.

KEPT FRESH IN THE WELDED HUMIDOR PACK



NO TRICKS —JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

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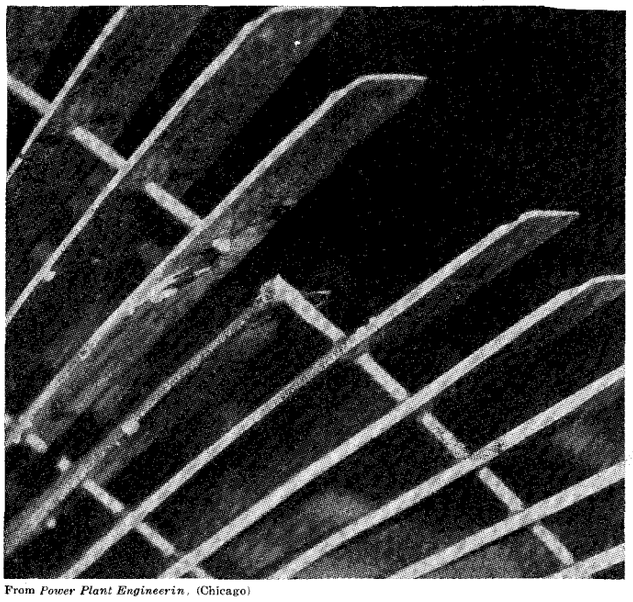
The Forgotten Patient

HE IS THE CHRONIC INVALID—one of the hospital's failures.

The hospital is interested mainly in the patient who can be cured and discharged in a short time. But chronic diseases "are considered the property of the patients to do with as they please," says Dr. Morris Hinenburg, assistant director of the Montefiore Hospital in New York City.

This lack of organized care for the chronic sick, he adds, "constitutes a failure in the history of hospital development." He proceeds in *The Modern Hospital* (Chicago):

"Any institution for the care of the chronic sick must be prepared to retain patients until all medical effort has been exhausted in their behalf, and longer, if the patient still requires medical observation. Chronic illnesses are by definition prolonged illnesses, and instead of the average stay of a fortnight in the acute general hospital, patients may remain in the hospital weeks, months, and even years. The diagnosis of incurability should never be made by one scientist in the presence of another.



From *Power Plant Engineerin*, (Chicago)

If You Sat on One of These Blades

You couldn't hear a firecracker.

"The custodial care received now by many of the patients in homes for the aged and 'incurable,' where many of the chronically ill are institutionalized, is not adequate for the large group of chronic sick. Patients of all ages and from all walks of life are in the ranks of the chronic army and each should receive care in accordance with his special needs.

"Chronic disease is a definite and specific branch of medicine which offers a greater challenge to the medical scientific world than do the acute diseases.

"The patient in the acute hospital is a medical problem only during his average stay of two weeks. In a hospital for chronic disease he is not only a complex medical problem but a difficult social and economic problem as well."

PATIENTS suffering from chronic disease are, as a rule, of little interest to the majority of physicians, but chronic disease affords unusual opportunity for study, because patients are under observation over longer periods. It is important, therefore, Dr. Hinenburg thinks, that the care of the chronic sick be in the hands of men and women who will have more than a passing interest in the patients. He goes on:

"In another branch of the service, nursing, the problems of selection and organization are equally difficult. The glamour and dramatic interest of the acutely ill patient are as attractive to the majority of nurses as they are to physicians. Dr. E. M. Bluestone, director, Montefiore Hospital for Chronic Diseases, New York City, the largest voluntary hospital of its kind in this country, has often stated that nursing a chronic patient well is the acid test of nursing, and that statement is, in my opinion, the best thought to keep in mind in this phase of nursing service."

Faster Than Sound

IF YOU COULD SIT ON THE END of one of the low-pressure blades of a modern high-capacity steam turbine when it was in operation, and some one exploded a firecracker behind you, it wouldn't scare you in the least.

Indeed, you'd never even hear it, for you would be going so fast the sound would never reach you.

Such blades in some of the larger turbines travel at the rate of 13.8 miles per minute; considerably faster than the speed of sound in air! Says a writer in *Power Plant Engineering* (Chicago):

"Naturally, when traveling at this speed, anything that may strike the blades, particles of water or solid matter, causes terrific erosion. Even gases; a rotor operating at this speed in air at ordinary pressures would heat to a red heat in a short time because of the friction of the air. A small stream of water directed across the path of the blades, it is said, will wear them through in a matter of minutes.

"In practise, of course, these blades travel practically in a vacuum. The steam which keeps them moving travels at speeds only slightly higher, so that the relative speed between blade and steam is small. But even so, if there are impurities in the steam, or if water particles are present, the blades are subject to erosion and, in practise, this constitutes one of the serious problems.

"This question of turbine-blade erosion is one with which all power-plant operators are concerned. The picture shows what happens in instances of this kind.

"In steam turbines the problem is to keep water away from the blades, but in hydraulic turbines we want to keep the water in contact with the blades as much as possible. Well, at Hoover Dam they will have plenty of water to work with, the whole Colorado River in fact. Work on this stupendous project is proceeding rapidly, and the construction of the power plant has now been started."

An Artificial Heart

ITS ADVANTAGES WOULD BE OBVIOUS.

Whether it is possible is another question.

The problem, we read in *Lu* (Paris) has fascinated the greatest medical minds ever since Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. It continues:

"Until now it has not been possible to achieve this aim. To be sure, it has been possible to construct an apparatus comprising a sort of pump which, applied to an animal after the removal of the heart, maintains the creature's blood circulation. Nevertheless, death is well-nigh instantaneous.

"Moreover, the blood which it has been possible thus to circulate, thanks to the apparatus, is not the blood of the animal, but blood of an 'alien' origin.

"For years the American Professor Gibbs has been working over a new apparatus. He succeeded in making a device intended to replace the heart, and imitating perfectly its anatomy—ventricles and auricles capable of maintaining perfectly the blood circulation of the animal during a certain period.

"Its one defect consisted in its incapacity to adapt itself to the rhythm of the animal subjected to experiment.

"Professor Gibbs went to Europe, where, at Vienna, he made the acquaintance of a Hungarian expert to whom he suggested that they work together in their researches."

SOON, we are told, the experiment was crowned with success. The writer goes on:

"The artificial heart is an apparatus consisting of two pockets of rubber contained in a metallic envelop.

"A current of electricity and a battery regulate the flow of liquid into the apparatus, which in turn dilates and contracts.

"Here is the mode of the experiment—its technique:

"The animal is put to sleep to avoid making it suffer needlessly. Its body is opened, and its heart is taken out.

"To its arteries are adjusted the glass tubes of the artificial organ. The operation must not last more than a minute or two, for otherwise the life of the animal is imperiled.

"Even when the operation proceeds at the required rate of speed, the animal remains inanimate for a quarter of an hour at least. Only by degrees do the reflexes manifest themselves anew.

"The circulation again becomes normal, and the artificial heart has revived the animal. The animal thus revived has been kept alive for more than six hours after the operation."

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THE PUBLIC

is cordially invited

to inspect the newly re-decorated

S.S. ILE DE FRANCE

which will arrive at Pier 57, North River, Wednesday April 26 and be open to visitors April 27+28

THE *Ile de France*, since her maiden voyage in 1927, has been the choice of many thousands of distinguished passengers. Her First Class passenger list has always been a *Who's Who* of those prominent in the artistic, scientific, professional and industrial world. During that time, her decorations and appointments have won for her the title of one of the most beautiful ships in the transatlantic service. It is our belief that her passengers will now find her even more luxurious, more beautiful, more completely satisfying than before.

• Her Smoking-room, two decks in height, has been repaneled in light, gay woods so that the effect is bright and colorful. The two side staircases have been eliminated, so that this is now one very large room. The *Grand Salon* (a masterpiece of design by Sue et Mare, and decorated by Nelson) has had its forty great columns relacquered in another color, and its furniture and hangings modernized. The superb *Salon de Thé* (designed by Ruhlman, and decorated by the Ateliers Marc Simon) has been completely renewed.

• Extensive alterations have been made in the First Class living quarters. Many cabins have been enlarged. Many private baths have been added. Lighting has been improved, and telephone service installed in every stateroom. To eliminate all possibility of creaking noises in the woodwork, the panel-joints of every cabin have been padded.

• Similar improvements have been made in the Tourist Class. There is a new bar in the Smoking-room; and a Gymnasium has been installed for the exclusive use of Tourist Class. All the staterooms have been redecorated with new, attractive hangings.

• Any travel agent will be glad to make reservations on the *Ile de France*. French Line, 19 State St., New York City.

CIE GLE TRANSATLANTIQUE French Line

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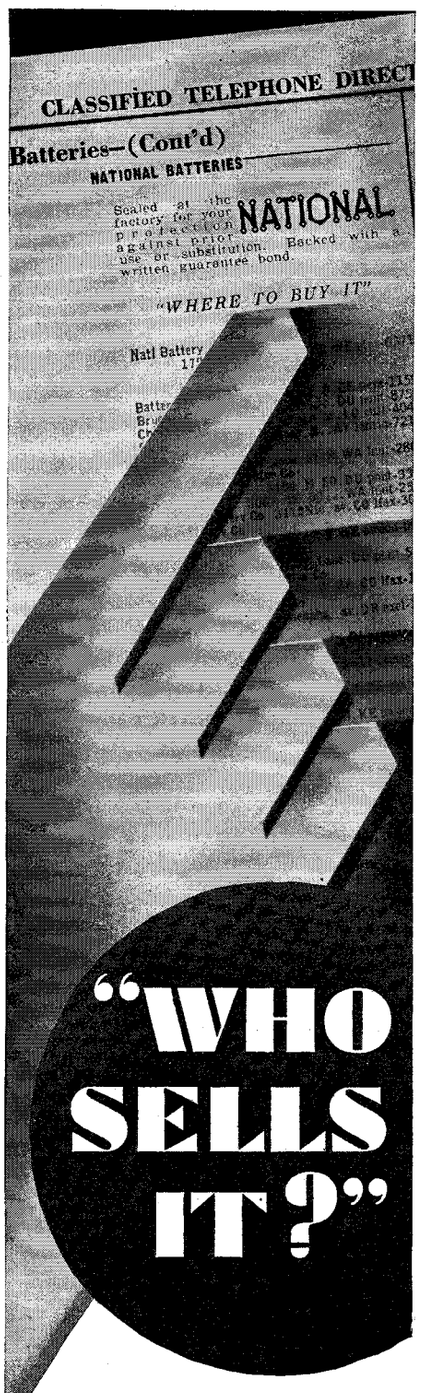
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Look for the trade name of the brand you want — Exide, RCA Victor, Multigraph, for example. Authorized local dealers and agents are listed there for your convenience.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

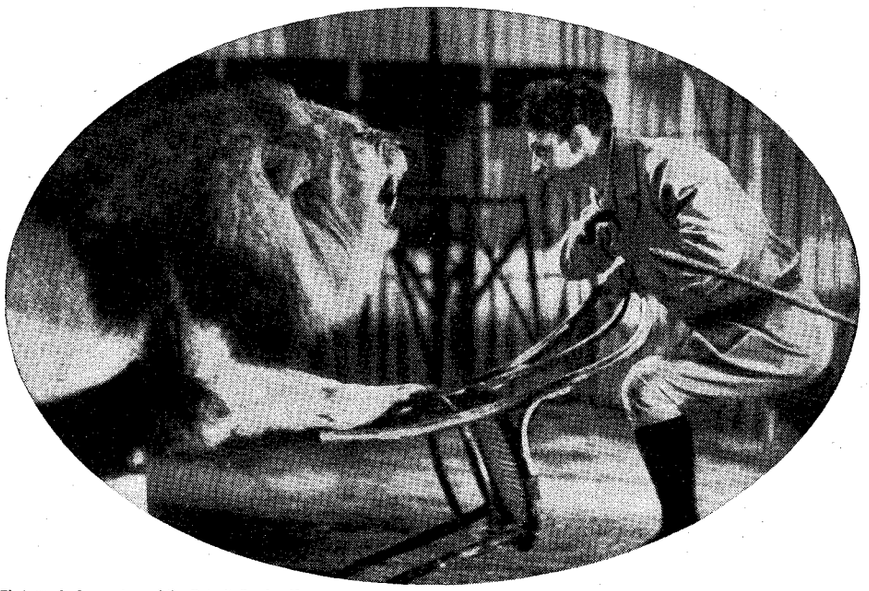
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Working the Big Cats in the Kleig Lights

NERO was so cross that he wanted to bite somebody's head off.

In fact, the martyrdom that goes with being a movie star was provoking to all the lions and tigers.

How they hated the rehearsing, and rehearsing, and rehearsing in the Kleig lights that drive flaming swords through the eyeballs and make the brain sizzle.



Photographs by courtesy of the Detroit *Sunday News*

Nero Was in No Mood for Rehearsing

And they didn't have the glorious rewards that go to human movie stars.

The flattery, fan mail, swell clothes, names in head-lines and in bright lights over the theaters—all this was unknown to the big cats. And as for salaries, a beef shinbone was the most that any of them looked for after a magnificent day's work before the whirring cameras.

HAVING no ambition, philosophy, vanity, or avarice to strengthen them for the ordeal, the big felines found Hollywood just a place of hard work and rotten tempers. Which brings us back to Nero.

Nero once romped the African plain and lay in wait for the juicy zebra.

Men captured him, and some "bring-him-back-alive" merchant delivered him in New York.

By strict attention to business, Nero became a "big time" circus lion—one of the troop of giant pussies with which Clyde Beatty dares scratches, bites, and worse, for the breathless delight of large and expectant audiences.

Beatty has now been making a picture, "The Big Cage," with forty-three of his "pets," and he says he'll never handle that many at one time again. "It takes too much out of a fellow. And besides, I want to live for a while longer."

Some of our readers may remember a story that we printed about Beatty some years ago, when he first began to scramble a mob of lions and tigers.

It is he who uses a light chair, which he carries with him inside the bars to sidetrack the irritability of any bad actor of his troupe that comes after him in a belligerent way.

Of his recent doings in Hollywood while filming "The Big Cage," we are given some exciting glimpses by the Detroit *Sunday News*. The Nero incident is narrated in Beatty's own words:

"Remember when my pet, Nero, jumped me last year, and put me in the hospital for twelve weeks?" the trainer asked. "Well, the script called for reenactment of that scene for the movies. We had to do it over and over again—a most monotonous proceeding.

"Finally we decided it was perfect, and we decided to 'shoot.' Nero was not enjoying it so much. He was unusually peevish, and I don't like any of them that way.

"But the cameras were ready, and we had to go on. Nero came at me, and I turned my back for a moment, as arranged. Instead of standing in the customary spot, something prompted me to step aside.

"I moved none too quickly. Nero just missed my head as he leapt. It was a close call, but it made a dandy movie shot."

"Where were the cameramen during all this 'shooting'? he was asked.

"They had a smaller, movable cage, inside my arena and could shoot directly on the scene from almost any angle."

IT seems that lions and tigers hate each other at sight, and are always spoiling for a scrap. Cousins are that way sometimes. Perhaps the lion yawps that Africa is God's country, and the tiger snarls that

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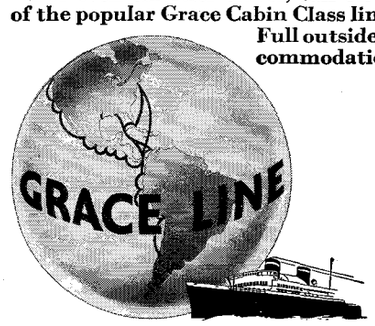


Consult your travel agent or Grace Line: New York: 10 Hanover Sq.; San Francisco: 2 Pine St.; Chicago: 230 N. Michigan Ave.; Los Angeles: 525 W. 6th St.; also Boston, Philadelphia, Seattle and Victoria

Asia is the only continent for a gentleman. Their cousinly hostility suggests the question: If they ever did get into a mix-up, tooth and claw, would the tiger or the lion come out on top?

WELL, that question was put to a test. The lion won.

Would the lion, fairly matched, always win?

Beatty thinks so, and gives his reasons, based on a difference in their style of fighting. The tiger is more furious, the lion more fundamental. The lion fights more like a bulldog, the tiger more like a—well, a cat.

Mr. Walter W. Fuller, who writes the *News* story, tells us how the encounter came about, and doesn't forget the studio scenery:

A huge, thick-maned Nubian lion trotted along beneath an archway of low-hanging branches. Apparently oblivious to his surroundings, he might have been out for a morning constitutional on the uninhabited veldt.

At a faint sound, foreign to his ears, the lion drew up abruptly at the edge of the clearing. He blinked his eyes at the sudden burst of sunlight, then stared intently ahead.

In front of the lion, only a few yards away, stood a man clad in white. He held a revolver in his hand. His back was turned toward the beast.

The king of the forest remained motionless, glaring, for a moment. Then he began to creep stealthily toward the human figure.

He flattened on his quivering haunches, preparing to spring.

Suddenly, from somewhere above, a snarling tiger hurled itself through the air onto the lion's back.

"Shoot!" cried the white-clad figure, as he swung quickly around—and a battery of movie cameramen started to grind out what Clyde Beatty, youthful animal trainer, honestly believes to be the greatest lion-tiger battle ever filmed.

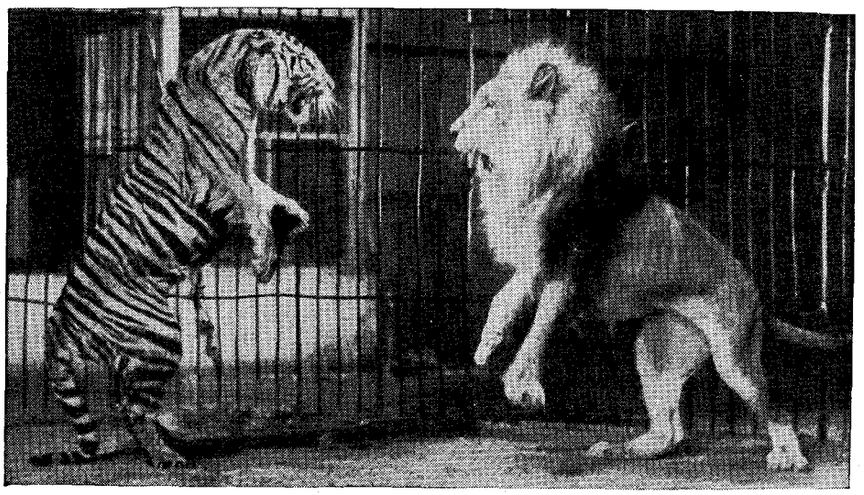
"We shot that scene without a single rehearsal," Beatty said, in relating some of his Hollywood experiences during the filming of his starring picture, "The Big Cage." "As usual, the director insisted on a rehearsal, but I convinced him the best opportunity for a realistic battle would be when the two animals first met. You simply can't rehearse a scene like that."

HENCE the cameramen were ready and the fight was "a real one, unfaked." Explaining the preparation for starting it, he said:

Because I had my back turned, the director was to give me the signal to move when the lion prepared to spring.

I figured the animal would attempt to attack me if I appeared off my guard, and I was right. Sultan, the lion, was so intent on watching me he didn't see Tommy, the tiger, on the pedestal above.

Tommy had watched Sultan come through the tunnel and was prepared to spring at the first opportunity. When the lion crouched to jump at me, the director raised his arm, and I leapt into the safety cage. Almost simultaneously, the tiger sprang and the fight was on, in earnest.



Tommy and Sultan Put Up a Glorious Cat Fight

And that claw-to-claw, fang-to-fang battle between natural enemies of the cat family proved conclusively that the fighting prowess of the lion is superior to that of the tiger, according to Beatty.

The tiger lost the battle, after a terrific struggle.

"We used an untamed tiger for the scene, because we figured a good fight was more likely to ensue," the trainer continued. "That tiger never before had been in a cage with a lion.

"Nearly a score of movie stars watched the battle, and the majority of them bet on the tiger.

"I had no idea which would win, but figured Sultan had an even chance, tho lions are gang fighters and a tiger is supposed to be invincible in a single-handed battle with almost any animal.

"My reason for giving the lion an even chance was that I knew that when one takes hold with his teeth it is in a vital spot, while a tiger sinks his teeth and hangs on wherever he grabs first. That's exactly why Tommy lost the fight.

"While the tiger was simply hanging on to a shoulder, the lion was maneuvering into position to get at his enemy's throat, all the while using his blade-like claws to great advantage. From now on, I'll bet on the lion.

"There was nothing more inhumane about that conflict than there is in a dog-fight or a prize-fight."

Beatty declared that "handling thirty or forty lions and tigers during the regular

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routine of a fifteen-minute, two-a-day circus act is child's play, compared with working those same 'cats' for five or six hours at a stretch, under a battery of scorching and blinding Kleig lights, for the movies." In fact:

"Handling cats for the movies is too tough on a fellow," he complained. "The animals become irritable and restless. At times they refused to go on with the act, and that made me work under a terrific strain. Occasionally a light struck me in the eyes, and I had difficulty in seeing the animals. In turn they rebelled when they were temporarily blinded in the same manner."

Beatty said it took him two weeks to simply acclimate his animals to the new surroundings and the lights. The terrific heat and the changing of the entire routine of the act placed Beatty in what he considers the most dangerous "spot" of his entire career as a trainer.

QUESTIONED about his training methods, he said:

"I like to take the animals when they're about three years old. Then they are easiest to train. The jungle-bred animals are preferable, because those born in captivity become so accustomed to humans they are difficult to handle. I take one animal at a time.

"We'll say I take a tiger first. I simply keep at him until he does what I want him to do.

"Take Venice, my 'roll-over' tiger, for instance. I can do almost anything with him, yet he is treacherous. At first, he rolled over only twice. Now I can make him do that trick as often as I want. He's about the finest trained tiger I ever saw. I was lucky to get such an intelligent animal. It took me about three weeks to get Venice to really act.

"Next, we'll say, I decide to train a lion. Well, I'll put Venice, the tiger, on a pedestal in the cage, while I work with a lion. In that manner the animals become accustomed to working in the arena together. I continue that method gradually until I finally get all of them together—lions and tigers, males and females.

"It took me a long time to convince Nero that he wasn't to nip off my nose when I get close to him and 'stare him down,' as I do. That's all in the training. He's a great animal, even if he did attack me. Even a dog may bite his master.

"And, speaking of dogs, that reminds me of a friend of mine who had a mixed group of two bears, two leopards, and two police dogs. He had to substitute lions for the dogs because the dogs were so vicious he couldn't handle them."

Beatty was born near Chillicothe, Ohio, twenty-eight years ago. He ran away from home to join a circus and has never regretted it. During the worst depression the modern world has ever known, he is at the peak of his career—and realizes he can't stay up long. He hopes to make an extensive tour of Europe in 1934 and then retire.

Old Man River.—Household furniture is floating away on the Ohio River flood, and in some instances the householders are floating away with it. You recall, no doubt, how in a former flood, a Marietta musician, driven from his house, and lacking a boat, rode down the river on his bass viol.

"His wife," said the music critic covering the event, "accompanied him on the piano."—*Detroit News.*

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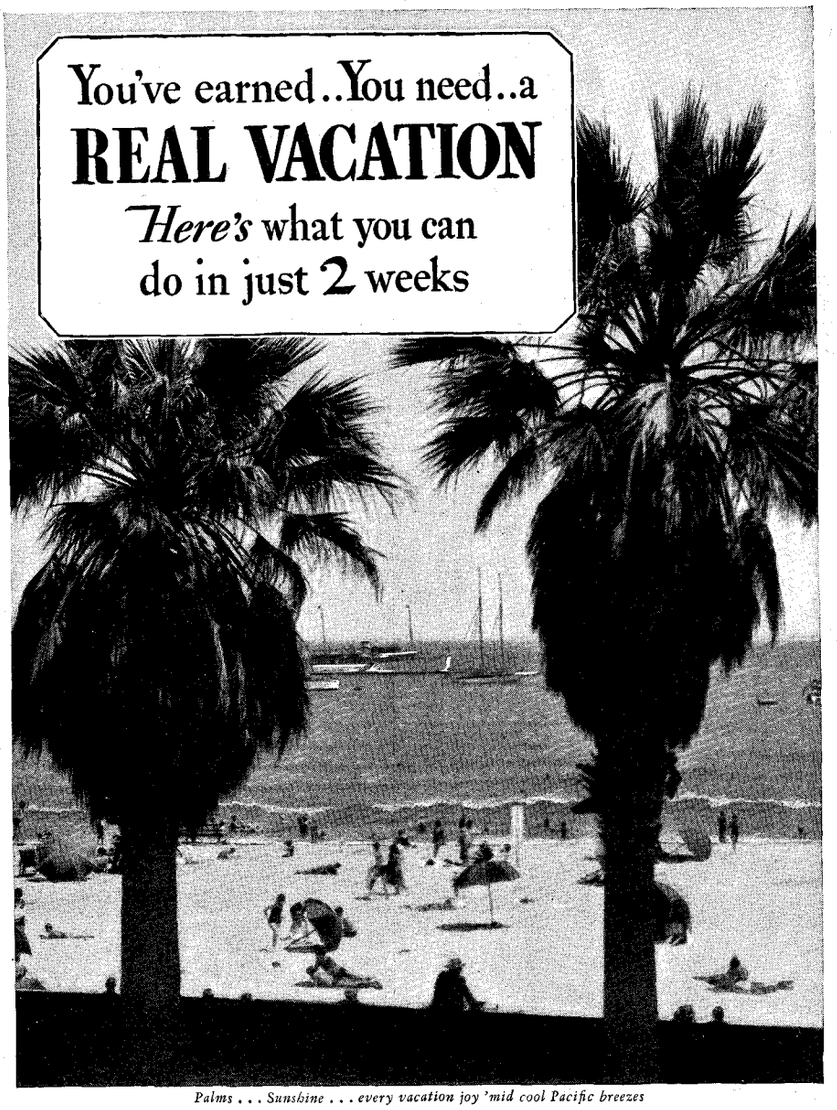

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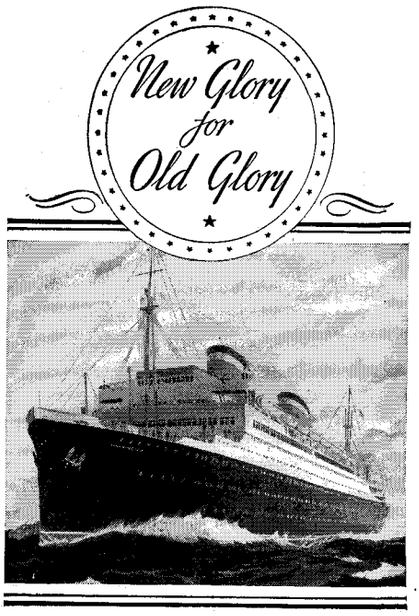

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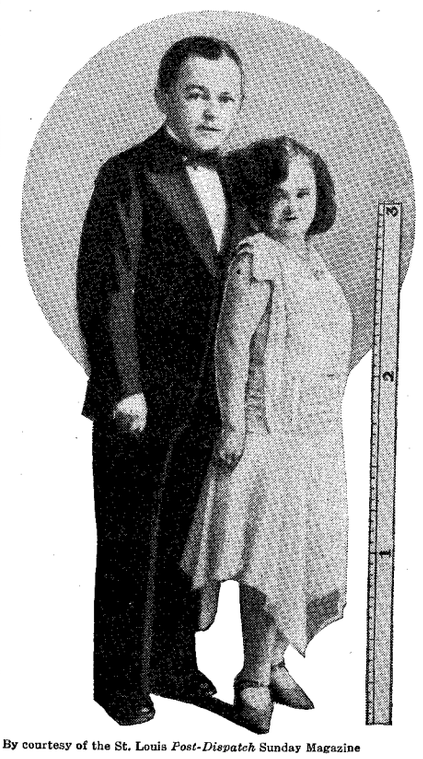
A Midget's Life in Our Big World

AN ordinary bed is big enough to get lost in, and "have a chair" is an invitation to take a climb.

Door-knobs are almost too high to reach, while a booth telephone is uselessly distant, it is practically impossible to ride in trolleys, or shop, or walk in the street, for crowds gather to block one's path and to stare curiously. And in a dense crowd one can see nothing but feet.

Such are some of the inconveniences of living in a world where everything is too big.

"Hardly a thing in the world is built for our convenience," says Mrs. Marie



By courtesy of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* Sunday Magazine

John and Marie Winters Often Have to Stand on Tiptoe

Winters, who is about three and one-half feet tall, telling of the experiences of herself and her four-foot husband, John. "But since I have never experienced any different proportions," she adds, "I am not so conscious of my unusually small size as you might think."

WHAT it is like to live in an oversized world she explains in an article in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

At a dinner party last night I finished eating, as usual, about the time the other guests were well started. The man on the right, who had obligingly found books for my chair, so I would be able to reach the table, smiled down at me as I sat back and watched every one else eat.

"It must seem a funny world to you," he remarked. How many times I've heard those words! "I suppose you and your husband can order one meal in a restaurant and have more than enough for both?" he asked. "Must be quite a saving."

If I hadn't dreaded answering a lot of questions that I've been asked thousands of times, I would have told him that what we save on food we must spend on

WEIGHT, 7 OUNCES — OPERATES ON A. C. AND D. C.

This man is
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NO WATER, NO SOAP, NO BLADE—he doesn't even need a mirror. He could shave in the dark. The Schick Dry Shaver glides over his face, shaving close and clean with not the slightest irritation. It is as gentle as rubbing your face with your finger tips.

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clothes. John and I both have to order our garments specially made, and that costs a surprizing amount considering the little material we use. Occasionally John does find sports clothes in a boys' department, but suits are not tailored to fit him, and usually when he appears in public he must wear a tuxedo so he will not be mistaken for a child.

Only once in my life have I gone into a store and found a pair of shoes that fit, and they were samples, made up for display purposes. A child's shoe in my length has broad toes and almost no heels, and is not shaped to fit. I heard once that a certain store had 100 pairs of extra-small-sized women's shoes in an exhibit, and I dashed down, fully intending to buy all of them if they would fit, but the shoes had been sent on—much to my husband's relief.

I look just as funny in a child's dress as a normal-sized woman would look if she enlarged a pattern for a little girl's dress and tried to make a frock for herself. If a child's dress is my length, it is too narrow through the shoulders and bust, has no fit at the waist-line, and hangs unbecomingly.

For a show I need an evening dress which takes about two yards of silk, but costs far more than one might suppose—about twice the usual price. I need many changes, and transfer men are always surprized to find I have an oversized wardrobe trunk.

But Providence has been kind to her, says Mrs. Winters. Her size, which causes her so many inconveniences, assures her a good income from shows; she and her husband have hundreds of friends, and they are fêted wherever they go. Born in France, weighing five and one-fourth pounds at birth, Mrs. Winters weighed only nineteen pounds when she came to this country. The show business beckoned to her. And now she tells us of her romance that led to marriage:

I think fate was still taking a hand in my life, for one day in Minneapolis a midget man joined the show, and, a year and a half later, John and I were married.

For a long time I had thought I might never fall in love and be married like other women, because big men never appealed to me. I used to go places with them, but I always said I would never marry one. They never seemed to take anything I said seriously, but always treated me with an amused, tolerant air. Besides, it was so awkward, on account of the difference in our sizes, for them to make love to me, and they were apt to pick me up and kiss me, which never seemed very romantic!

My midget sister is married to a man six feet, two inches tall. They have a baby, now nearly a year old, who seems perfectly normal in every way. But her husband is always laughing about his "two babies."

As a matter of fact, I never knew but one other little man except my husband, so I didn't have much choice. I refer, of course, only to men who are perfectly normal in every way except size.

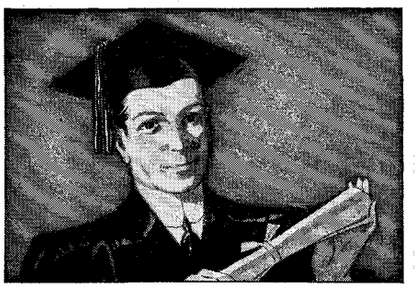
But if you think I had no competition with John, you are wrong! John certainly had plenty of girl friends. Normal-sized young women.

Even now we are always running into one of his old girls, it seems.

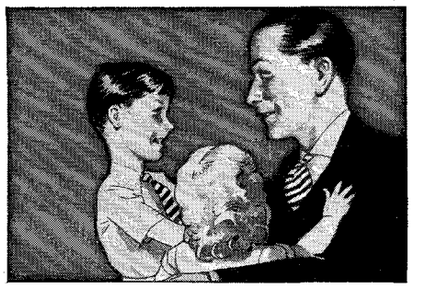
In the street or in stores, Mr. Winters isn't bothered much by crowds, "for he can pass as a child, but I have some disturbing experiences." Reading on:

The other day I went into a department

THE STORY OF JOHN Y. DELAY

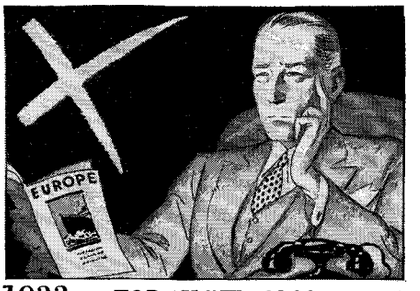


1909 *"I would like to go to Europe" BUT... he got a job and didn't go.*



1919 *"Would like to go to Europe" BUT... family cares prevented.*

1929 *"Would like to go"... BUT... TOO BUSY!*



1933... *TODAY "Would like to go." Not busy BUT afraid to spend the money!*

1939 *"Like to go!" BUT... too busy again!*

1949 ... *TOO LATE NOW!*

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Everything seems to be in favor of those who are thinking of Europe this summer. We've written a booklet about it. It's *free.* Steamship rates are down. Living costs are absurdly low in many quaint European towns. The booklet gives the figures. It's Holy Year in Rome. Davis Cup matches in France. Musical festivals in honor of Wagner in Germany.

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store for a spool of thread. All the sales people were busy and, before I could get one to wait on me, a whole crowd gathered and pushed in around me so close I could hardly breathe. They began asking dozens of questions.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I came in here to shop, just as you did."

Then I hurried away without my thread. Especially now that so many stores have cut down on the number of clerks, I have almost given up trying to shop. If I have to wait a few minutes such a crowd gathers I can't do anything but run.

When I do get a clerk to help me, I point to something and say, "I'll take this. Please wrap it quickly. I'm in a hurry." And often I'm so nervous I don't get what I really want after all.

I avoid street-cars. As soon as I get on, people begin saying, "Oh, look, there's a midget!" and every one in the car turns and stares.

I have gone back to Europe several times to visit my family, and enjoyed the boat trips because I had time to make friends, and was accepted into the social life.

It isn't always pleasant to walk along the street and be stared at, so I go as fast as I can, never stopping to look in windows. I have to guard against curious children, who sometimes do the most surprizing things, such as squeezing my face or poking me in the eye!

In a very dense crowd I feel panicky, because I get jabbed in the face with elbows and can't see anything but feet, and sometimes find it hard to breathe.

John and I can never go to the beach or out in a park and enjoy ourselves. The worst thing is that people stare almost as if we are strange animals and not human beings at all, and they don't seem to think we are really intelligent. Just because we are small, is there any reason why people should think we aren't bright?

Of course, no one ever forgets us, and John and I have hundreds of friends. We seldom go to a new town without being entertained by some one who remembers having met us.

ALTHO she needn't do housework, Mrs. Winters says "there isn't anything I can't do." By putting a box by the stove, another by the table, and stepladder by the cupboard, "I can cook as well as any one." Continuing:

John has some amusing experiences driving a car, because he looks so much like a small boy sneaking off with his father's automobile. The bigger the car, the easier it is to handle, he says. He has driven an eight-cylinder car across the United States three times in one year. He must have extensions on the pedals, of course, so he can reach them, and a pad on the seat so he can reach the steering-wheel.

Once we were driving through Pennsylvania and John was wearing a cap and a leather coat, which made him look more like a kid than ever. He was driving as fast as the law allowed, and we passed some traffic officers standing by the road talking. As John whizzed by two of them jumped on their motor-cycles and tore after us. John then pulled over to the side of the highway.

"This your car?" one of the officers asked, eying John curiously.

"Certainly," John said. "Have a cigaret?" and he passed his case.

Then the policemen laughed. "You sure had us wondering," one said. "We thought some kid was out in a car and had lost control of it."

Usually a careful buyer...

WILL SHE BE UNWISE IN THIS?

WOMEN have earned the right to be called careful buyers, wise shoppers. Yet, when facing the responsibility of making funeral arrangements and purchasing a casket, how many will be able to choose wisely?

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"Mrs. G. B. S.": The Power Behind the Dome

"I AM going to refresh my heart by falling in love with her," Shaw wrote to Ellen Terry in his best platonic vein, adding:

"I love falling in love—but, mind, only with her; not with her million; so somebody else must marry her if she can stand him after me."

But fate, as we shall see, worked in an odd way to change that program, with the result that the "Irish millionairess" of the famous letters has not had to "stand" anybody after Shaw. And she seems to have stood him marvelously for thirty years.

Mrs. George Bernard Shaw is credited with being one of the most helpful and self-effacing of wives. The American public hardly saw her during her recent fleeting visits with her husband to our Pacific and Atlantic coasts.

Newsreel audiences seldom or never catch a glimpse of her when the old master comes prancing down the garden path into the focus of the camera.

She remains invisible while he spoofs America, smiles like the cat that swallowed the canary, and draws attention to his mighty brow, behind which all wisdom curdles into wisecracks.

In fact, "Mrs. G. B. S." might be a thousand miles away from her oracular lord, as far as an awed public and its emissaries of the press can detect any signs of her presence in his life.

Yet she is not only present, but is very much of an active force in his career, according to those who know the famous couple well.

OF course it is the orthodox thing to say, especially in America, that "the little woman did it all," "she made him what he is to-day," and so on. In this case, it is generally agreed that no one but Bernard Shaw could have made Bernard Shaw. One is reminded of an English statesmen who, on being informed that So-and-so was a self-made man, remarked that he was the very kind of man that that kind of man would make. And that observation fits Bernard Shaw like a glove.

But some people do say that Mrs. Shaw "made" her husband. They credit her with rare and precious gifts of serviceableness toward his career; in fact, the successful part of it dates from their marriage. And she has poured herself into that service, they say, with distinguished intelligence as well as utter selflessness. Says one admirer:

The world knows next to nothing about her. It is her wish that it should know as little as possible. For, by an appropriately Shavian paradox, the least limelight-shunning of celebrities has the most limelight-shunning of wives. Mrs. Shaw is the one woman in Britain, somebody has said, who has put all her brains into remaining unknown.

Thus Mr. Hayden Church in the New

The Berlin Express

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JAPAN
TOURIST BUREAU

York *Times* Magazine. Writing from London, he continues:

What is she like then, this woman who looks after a "national institution"? She is an elderly woman now, for she and Shaw have been man and wife since 1898, and at the time of their register-office wedding they were, according to G. B. S., a "middle-aged couple." Actually Shaw was then forty-two and she not so many years younger, so that she is now presumably in the late sixties, he being seventy-six.

In her youth she was not unlike the masterful *Ann Whitefield* in Shaw's "Man and Superman," but the years have mellowed her as they have her husband. Today she is plump, with a rather small face, soft, gray hair brushed straight back, kindly green-gray eyes that beam through nose glasses, and a general air of repose and calm. She dresses in modified Edwardian style which, to her surprize, is again fashionable. She is a strong advocate of short skirts.

Irish like Shaw, but, unlike him, without even the trace of a brogue, Mrs. Shaw might, as the saying is, be anybody. The fact is, however, that she is able, shrewd, intellectual, and cultured, with definite artistic gifts. "A clever woman," Shaw pronounced her soon after their first meeting, when writing to Ellen Terry.

With her qualities—not to mention the considerable fortune she inherited from her father—Mrs. Shaw might have made an outstanding career for herself. Instead, she subordinated everything to assisting the man she loved, and whose genius she recognized, to realize all of his great possibilities. And to this extent undoubtedly she "made" him.

She was rich; Shaw was then relatively poor. But not even as an easy way of securing independence had he the slightest idea of being false to his almost fanatically antimarital views. "Marriage," declared the hero of "Man and Superman," undoubtedly speaking for his creator, "is to me apostasy, profanation of the sanctuary of my birthright, shameful surrender, ignominious capitulation, acceptance of defeat."

NEVERTHELESS, Charlotte Payne-Townshend "lured G. B. S. into matrimony as effectively as his own *Ann Whitefield* did the furiously protesting *John Tanner*," Mr. Church records, continuing:

She did so largely, no doubt, because she happened to be fond of him, but mainly, it seems certain, because she recognized that, provided with a comfortable home and an assured income, there were no limits to what he might do.

She was a daughter of Horace Payne-Townshend, a rich magnate of Derry, County Cork.

An interest in Socialism led her to make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, who wrote extensively on economics and kindred subjects, and it was through the Webbs that, in 1896, she became acquainted with Shaw.

Shaw and Miss Payne-Townshend were fellow guests of the Webbs during an autumn holiday at Stratford St. Andrews, in Suffolk, and were thrown together a good deal, their hosts being absorbed in each other and their own writings.

A few months later when G. B. S. had returned to London, he began spending his evenings at Miss Payne-Townshend's residential flat at 10 Adelphi Terrace—afterward their home together—and, as the Terry correspondence shows, she was

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taking part in his work as a volunteer secretary.

"She doesn't love me," Shaw wrote to Miss Terry. "The truth is she is a clever woman. The idea of tying herself up again by a marriage before she knows anything—before she has exploited her freedom and money power to the utmost seems to her intellect to be unbearably foolish.

"She got fond of me and did not coquet or pretend that she wasn't. I got fond of her, because she was a comfort to me down there. You kept my heart so warm that I got fond of everybody; and she was the nearest and best. That's the situation."

So this curious "romance" went on for more than a year, says Mr. Church, neither of the "parties" relinquishing their distaste for the fetters of matrimony. But then Destiny stept in. Thus:

Destiny in this case took the shape of an abscess which Shaw got on his instep, producing necrosis of the bone.

At that time Shaw's mother had a house in Fitzroy Square, London. Theirs was a home almost completely lacking in creature comforts. Mrs. Shaw, who supported herself, and, while her son was finding his métier, had for long supported him, by giving music lessons, was not, as the phrase goes, domesticated. G. B. S. himself, immersed in his literary work, cared little how he was lodged or catered for.

As an invalid G. B. S. presented a new problem to Miss Payne-Townshend. She took prompt measures in the shape of a house at Hindhead, in Surrey, to which she proposed to carry off Shaw.

His mother raised no objection whatever, but Miss Payne-Townshend had reckoned without the conventional side of the theoretically completely unconventional Shaw. He declined to be her guest at Hindhead.

But Charlotte Payne-Townshend would have none of this nonsense. Come to Hindhead Shaw must, and be properly nursed and fed and taken care of. The irresistible force had met an immovable obstacle, and as the immovable obstacle was a woman and the irresistible force only a man, he had to find a solution.

"Go out and get a ring and a license," he commanded, and within a week Miss Payne-Townshend found herself a married woman, and Shaw, to the surprize of all who knew him, was a married man.

"We married because we had become indispensable to one another," he told somebody, and that appears to be the plain truth.

In five years from his wedding day he was famous; in ten, world-famous.

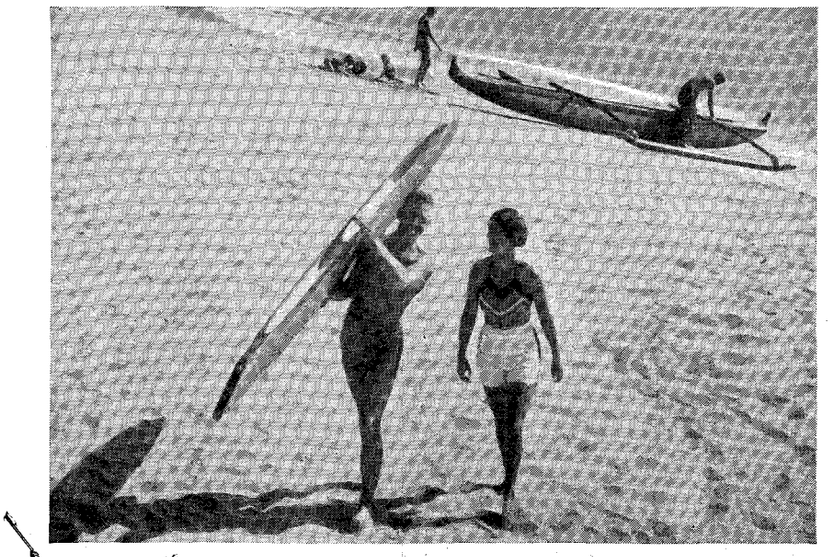
For all her devotion, however, it seems that Mrs. Shaw is not merely her husband's echo:

About twenty years ago she made a translation of Brieux's play "Maternity," and added two other translations of plays by the French dramatist to make a book which had considerable success. Moreover, she induced the Stage Society to present a performance of "Maternity."

Later she translated Brieux's "La Femme Seule," as "Woman on Her Own," and repeated her previous feat by obtaining its performance by the Actresses' Franchise League and its publication in another three-play volume.

Of it she naively says: "My husband consented to write a preface."

As if wild horses could have kept him from it!



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Five o'clock now...dinner at eight. Time for one more flight down white wavecrests. Then a shower, tingling against sun-warmed skin. Dressing leisurely with the sounds of tinkling glasses and laughter coming from a nearby lanai. Outside the window, dusk. Waikiki's lights twinkling to the early stars, and away on the coral reef the puff of white surf, the mystic flare of torches where natives fish with spears.

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Blubbering for a Living

IT isn't a new form of panhandling. It's art, high art, histrionic art.

The sob-artist's job is to blubber like a child for the microphone, thereby working up the excitement of some radio playlet.

But the cry-baby talent is a rare one, it seems. Indeed, according to *The New Yorker*, "any time you hear a baby crying on the radio you can be pretty sure that it is Miss Sally Belle Cox, aged twenty-five."

Miss Cox is described as a tall, slender, blue-eyed blonde. "She makes about a hundred dollars a week by her bawling."

That last item is exciting. Potential cry-babies and others will be interested in the history of this young woman who has been clever enough to invent a new profession and put it across in these hard times. She was born in West Virginia, *The New Yorker* tells us, went to a New England finishing school, and "seemed destined for an ordinary tearless life when, five years ago, she got a job at an orphan asylum out in Cleveland. Her chore was to keep the orphans amused." Now the action begins:

One midwinter afternoon, when Miss Cox's entertaining was falling rather flat, a small unamused girl baby began to squawl, the way a small unamused girl baby can. Miss Cox put her head back and suddenly and savagely began to imitate the infant.

Well, it brought down the house. The children squealed for more, and the squawler shut up and let somebody squawl that could squawl.

Years passed and Miss Cox cried a great deal, usually now for grown-ups who had heard of her mimicry. But she had no idea of making a profession out of her unique gift until she came to New York, two years ago, to take a job as instructor in a swimming school.

One day she read in the paper that the one sound the radio people had had no success at all in imitating was the wailing of a baby. Miss Cox put on her hat and went right up to the National Broadcasting Company. She showed the newspaper clipping to an executive and, greatly to his dismay, began to cry like a little girl right there in his office. A formal audition was arranged, with proper dignity, and she cried for several other officials, and was solemnly hired.

MISS COX worked for eight months in a feature called "Raising Junior." She was *Junior*, *The New Yorker* adds, and we read on:

The program stopt a year ago, but it's been revived and Miss Cox is now not only *Junior* (crying two-year-old cries, for he has grown up) but also a little newcomer, aged a few weeks. She is also the baby in the "Show Boat" sketch, and half a dozen others.

On New Year's Eve she was "1933" for National Broadcasting, crying with appropriate feeling.

The age-scale of Miss Cox's crying is from one hour to fourteen years. She does the different ages by crying into a pillow with various degrees of muffledness. Buried deep: itsy bitsy baby. Just touching: young lady springing up like a weed and sore as the devil.

The artiste never practises; she used to,

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but she doesn't now. Also, she used to wander around Central Park, harking for baby cries. When she found one that interested her, she would stand studying it with such an intent look that its nurse invariably insulted her and shoved off.

She says that all babies cry alike: male, female, Jew, Gentile, vaguely deprest, horribly unhappy—all the same.

Miss Cox can also laugh, gurgle, coo, and squeal.

We called on her at the Barbizon-Plaza, one afternoon, in connection with a book we are writing about women who get things done. We asked her if she would cry and coo just once for us. Never in her life, she told us, had she been asked to cry and coo for a stranger before. However, she got out her little pillow and went all to pieces. Then she gurgled and squealed and said goo-goo. It was charming and artistically fine.

Dangers of January Inaugurations

THE next President, and his successors, will assume office in January, instead of in March.

If the ceremony is still to be outdoors, this will make it unpleasant, if not absolutely dangerous, for all concerned.

Indoor inaugurations, to protect the President and the thousands of spectators, are urged by Dr. Charles F. Pabst, chief dermatologist at the Greenpoint Hospital, Brooklyn, says the New York *Times:*

Calling attention to the fact that future inauguration-day ceremonies will be held in January, Dr. Pabst said:

"It seems a useless gesture to expose our most important officials to the danger of pneumonia, which has become one of the most prevalent and fatal of all acute diseases. Pneumonia shows a distinct seasonal prevalence, being most frequent during the winter and spring months.

"Crowding, cold, chilling and wetting are generally regarded as important predisposing causes, and when combined with fatigue and unusual exertion, the danger of infection is very great. An outdoor ceremony on inauguration day thus exposes over a quarter of a million of our most prominent citizens to one of the most deadly diseases of modern times."

Crowds gather hours before the President takes the oath of office, Dr. Pabst said, and they are often chilled and wet before they disperse. He recalled that eleven of the last eighteen inaugurations were marked by inclement weather, adding that it is reasonable to believe this percentage will continue, especially since inauguration day will be observed in January hereafter.

He said President Roosevelt talked uncovered for twenty minutes, and that the ceremony was held under gray, leaden skies, from which occasional snowflakes fell. He said that the new President tipped his hat at the rate of fifteen times a minute reviewing the parade and, in all, was exposed for five hours.

How to Torture Your Husband.—The big game hunter was telling his stay-at-home wife all about his encounter with the Bengal tiger and how he had finally shot it. "Yes," he wound up, "it was a case of the tiger or me."

"I'm so glad it was the tiger, dear," she said sweetly, "otherwise we wouldn't have this lovely rug."—*Boston Transcript.*

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Gold is now to be more efficiently and economically administered, as the New Haven *Journal-Courier* remarks:

Far from wandering about the country in active circulation or lurking in the sock, the mattress or the coffee-pot, it will rest in official repositories, there to serve to the utmost its normal function as a base for credit of all sorts.

It is thus not a departure from the gold standard, which the President has engineered; it is really its fortification in line with a new epoch and new necessities.

In other words, the mobilization of gold is just as important a part of our campaign for prosperity as the mobilization of the Army is in the case of actual hostilities.

IT will be recalled that in connection with the bank holiday early in March the President warned against the hoarding of gold and currency. Congress incorporated anti-hoarding prohibitions and penalties of an unrepealed war-time statute into the new emergency banking act a few days later. The Federal Reserve System, in connection with appeals from Washington, explained how hoarded gold should be returned, and several successive dead-line dates were set.

Finally, so that there could be no possible question, the President issued a formal order from the White House on April 5. By the terms of this order all persons must turn in to Federal Reserve or member banks all gold coin, gold bullion and gold certificates, and receive lawful money in return. This does not apply to collectors' rare gold coins or gold needed in industry. It does not apply to holdings of $100 or less. The Treasury will give licenses for all legitimate and normal transactions requiring gold and for similar exportations. The penalty for violation of the order is $10,000 fine or ten years in jail or both.

According to the Washington correspondents, since the bank holiday more than $1,200,000,000 has been returned to the Federal Reserve banks, including more than $600,000,000 in gold and gold certificates. It is estimated that there is still in private hands something like $600,000,000 in gold certificates and $400,000,000 in bullion and coin.

For all practical purposes the Roosevelt order on gold "has returned the United States to the gold standard," writes William H. Grimes from Washington to *The Wall Street Journal*. While the spectacular features of the order dealt with the penalties for not returning hoarded gold, in reality—

The order as a whole is an opening up and not a closing down. It is true that one can not obtain coin or gold certificates because, generally speaking, any large withdrawal of those media of circulation would be for hoarding purposes. One will be able to secure gold for other usual purposes.

Very general is the newspaper applause of the President's order and condemnation of persistent hoarders. The Government should deal with the latter, concludes the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "as it dealt with the draft dodgers in 1918."

Certain editors worry over the point whether the Government has any business to tell a man what he can do with his own money. Technically, says the Hartford *Times*, "the man who has come into possession of gold lawfully, owns it, as he would own a house or a stock certificate or any other piece of lawful property." But this paper goes on to declare that from a practical standpoint individual rights are a small matter—"we do not want to see the country starved on points of technicality and constitutional theory."

The First New-Style Rail Bankrupt

ON the mourner's bench seeking the new-style salvation provided by Congress to enable embarrassed railroads to dodge the deep damnation of good old-fashioned receiverships, alone and conspicuous, sits the Missouri Pacific.

"MOP," as the stock market abbreviates it, is the first road to take advantage of the new form of relief, for the very good reason that it has a $34,548,000 bond issue coming due May first, and no money in the bank to pay it. The Missouri Pacific proceedings, the New York *Journal of Commerce* notes, are certain to be watched carefully, and, if no hitch occurs, it is anticipated that other railroads will soon resort to the same procedure if no improvement in earnings takes place. Practically the same thought occurs to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* in the city where the Missouri Pacific filed its petition with Federal Judge Faris with a view of obtaining that "breathing spell" the new law gives insolvent roads. As this paper adds:

The law is designed to permit and facilitate the reorganization of such properties, and the readjustment of its fixt indebtedness upon an equitable basis, under the authority and supervision of the Federal Court, without being compelled to undergo the costly process of receivership.

The conditions under which reorganization can be effected through the application of the provisions of this law seem to be much more practicable, and the methods much more expeditious, than were possible under the bankruptcy law prior to this amendment.

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The new law, as *The Wall Street Journal* further reminds us, gives the Interstate Commerce Commission "control over the major expense items, including fees to bankers, lawyers, and reorganization managers, and virtually eliminates chances of successful obstructive tactics by minority groups." Judge Faris has ordered that the road be operated for the present under existing management, and he will choose trustees from a list submitted by the Interstate Commerce Commission—none to be paid at a higher rate than $25,000 annually.

In the application for the receivership it was stated on behalf of the company that a plan for adjustment of the capital structure of the Missouri Pacific and two affiliates was being formulated and would soon be ready for submission.

The Missouri Pacific consists of more than 7,000 miles of road and, with the subsidiary New Orleans, Texas and Mexico, International Great Northern, and the Texas and Pacific (this last not included in the bankruptcy proceedings), operates more than 10,000 miles of track in the southern part of the area between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains.

Incidentally, it should be noted that the Missouri Pacific's capital structure was abnormally heavy with bonds. On the basis of par value the Associated Press notes that the road's bonds approximate $405,000,000, preferred stock $72,000,000, and common stock $83,000,000.

THE thing about this proceeding that seems most important to the Chicago *Daily News* is the startling contrast to the costly railroad receiverships of the old days. *The News* reminds us that the cost of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul receivership, lasting nearly four years, was estimated at more than $5,000,000.

Attention is called by a number of papers to the fact that the largest stockholder in the Missouri Pacific is the Alleghany Corporation, the holding company by which the Van Sweringen brothers of Cleveland secured control of the Missouri Pacific.

"When the Missouri Pacific Railroad three years ago was hitched to the Van Sweringen system of transportation lines," writes Charles F. Speare for the Consolidated Press, "it inevitably headed for the fate which has overtaken it"—

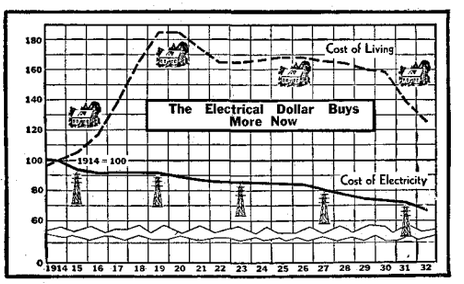
This once more emphasizes the fact that while a coast-to-coast railroad is a beautiful dream, it is impracticable.

Another conclusion is that to build up railroad systems many thousands of miles in extent and traversing large areas, where operating conditions are widely divergent, is unsound. There are definite limits to the economical supervision of railroads, particularly when this is attempted over wide stretches of country.

"Fundamentally, the Missouri Pacific is a good railroad," continues Mr. Speare, but "unfortunately, for years it has been in the hands of exploiters, of men who are primarily of a speculative turn of mind."

"A FAIR QUESTION—
Why haven't electric rates come down as much as the cost of living?"

ELECTRIC RATES have come down *more* than the cost of living, if the period since 1914 is considered. Electric domestic rates are 33% *lower* now, while the cost of living is still about 25% *higher.*



The decline in rates cannot be so sharp as the recent drop in living costs, because utility expenditures consist largely of charges which cannot be reduced. Such a charge is *interest* on money loaned by bondholders for construction. Another is *taxes,* which have increased twice as fast as revenue during the past two decades and which now take more than ten cents of each dollar of revenue.

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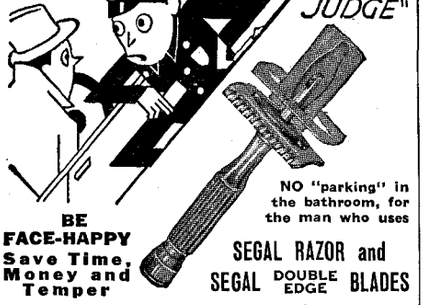

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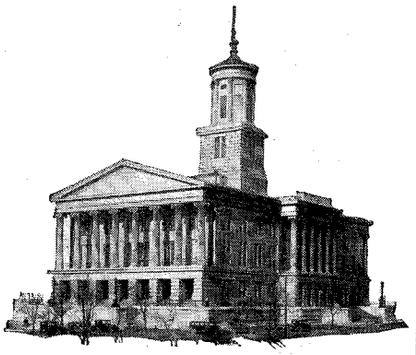


TENNESSEE CAPITOL

cuts fuel costs one half with IRON FIREMAN

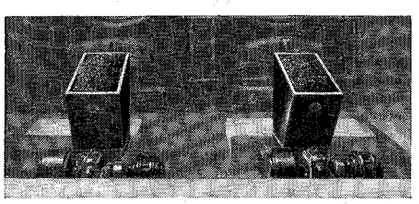
● In 1929, thrifty Tennessee installed two Iron Fireman automatic coal burners under the boilers in the State Capitol Building at Nashville.

A recent check-up at the Capitol by Radabaugh-Corbitt Company, Nashville Iron Fireman dealer, shows that these machines, plus a third Iron Fireman in the War Memorial building, are saving Tennessee $1441 a year on fuel costs. In short, a reduction in annual fuel bills from $2894 to $1453—nearly 50 per cent saving. In 4 years these Iron Fireman stokers paid for themselves from fuel economies alone—*a return of 25 per cent per year on the investment.*

Fuel Survey Sent Free

Iron Fireman has made safe, reliable coal an *automatic fuel*—delivering a quality of automatic heating actually superior to other automatic fuels at far less cost. A nation-wide fuel cost survey just completed shows comparative heating values for 40 principal cities. Costs are reduced to a common denominator for easy comparison. The information revealed is startling and shows at a glance why America is installing Iron Fireman!

Ask for a copy of "Comparative Fuel Cost Survey" and have your dealer make a free survey of your heating or power plant. What Iron Fireman has done for Tennessee and for thousands of business men and home owners it may be able to do for you. Iron Fireman can be quickly installed and can be purchased by the month. Use the coupon.



Iron Fireman installation in the boiler room of the Tennessee State Capitol Building. There is an Iron Fireman model for commercial boilers up to 250 H. P. and for all sizes of homes.

IRON FIREMAN

Automatic Coal Burner

IRON FIREMAN MANUFACTURING CO.
3170 W. 106th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
☐ Send Comparative Fuel Cost Survey.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Residence Type of business.....LD-4

CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

A PICTURE of man's inhumanity to man unchanged, tho age changes all else. In *New Statesman and Nation* (London):

VESPERS ON THE NILE

By Roy Campbell

When to their roost the sacred ibis file
Mosquito-thin against the fading west,
And palm-trees fishing in the crimson Nile
Dangle their windless effigies of rest,

Scarce to the moon's hushed conquest of the blue
Have waked the wingless warblers of the bogs
Or (to the lunar sabbath staunchly true)
The jackals sung their first selenelogues.

When through the waste, far-flung as from a steeple,
First in slow rumours, then in sounding choir,
The lamentation of an ancient people
Sounds by the waters and the sands of fire.

This was the strain, the Amphionic lyre,
By which were carted Thebes' colossal stones,
Which, though it lifted pyramid and spire,
Yet rang their ruin in prophetic tones:

And centuries have heard the plaint persist,
Since Pharaoh's foreman stood with lifted quirt
Or swung the bloody sjambok in his fist
To cut the sluggard through his hairy shirt.

Though all has changed, yet theirs is still the bondage,
Still theirs the toil; their recompense forlorn
To rasp the thistles, crop the withered frondage,
And bite the bitter stubble of the corn.

Still as if Pharaoh's sjambok cut their rumps,
Sick for some Zion of the vast Inane,
The effort of a thousand rusty pumps
Wheezes untiring through their sh.rill refrain.

Where royal suns descending left no stains,
Where forms of power and beauty change and pass,
One epic to eternity remains—
The heehawhallelujahs of the Ass.

THERE is an agreeable swing to these lines, and an unconventionality of expression that is engaging. In *The Country Bard* (Madison, N. J.):

THE QUAIL HUNTER

By Paul Dennis

There he goes in his powerful car,
Wears a spruce hunting suit . . . smokes a cigar;
Drives through the town like he might be a czar.
Dogs in the rear . . . gun at his side . . .
He's bound for places where bob whites hide.
Stops at the roadside . . . dogs strike a scent . . .
Leader stops stiff, lifted foot bent,
Nose pointed prey-ward, tail stretched tight . . .
Sure, you can bet it's a beautiful sight.
But here comes the hunter . . . gun safety thrown . . .
Speaks to his dogs in a mastering tone . . .
Flushes them out and gives them a lead,
("Give them a chance," is the sportsman's creed)
Then his gun breaks out in a terrible roar
Like someone had opened the devil's front door.

And we call this sport . . . to watch birds die?
Better would be just to see them fly,
Gracefully sailing, circling by.
"But they have a chance." . . . Don't be that way.
Would you have a chance in a machine-gun's spray?
Bloodthirsty are men who kill for delight,
They rank with the weasel that prowls through the night.
"Will they ever improve?" It's a question I hear.
Well, guess for yourself . . . but . . . never, I fear.

THIS is anticipating the season, but may be kept for future perusal. The author wrote that highly successful "Spires of Oxford." This in *The Queen's Quarterly* (Kingston, Ont.).

ENGLISH JUNE

(To a Canadian Schoolboy)

By Winifred M. Letts

On such June days did Shakespeare go to school,
Dragging unwilling feet
Along the cobbled street,
Or play the truant to his master's rule,
Hearing the vagrant cuckoo give a shout
To call him out?
And did a crabbéd pedagogue, dark clad,
Lay up a rod for such an idle lad?
"Will Shakespeare is no scholar, hates his book,
And badly holds his pen;
A little lazy boy, we cannot look
For Shakespeare writ with Stratford's famous men."

What did Will care? He left the gabled town
And, rambling on, had speech with churl and clown;
Saw lords and ladies pass,
Lover and lass;
Watched Toby Belch and Andrew Aguecheek
Or Benedict ride by,
His Beatrice still to seek.

The chaffinch with a cataract of song
To woodland pathways lures his feet along,
By brambled brake where some time later he
Saw Bottom's company.
Behind a beechen bough he thinks he hears
A mocking voice, sees face with goblin ears;
He knows his comrade Puck who finds delight
In ancient gossips' fright.
Together through the woods they creep;
Parting the branches, each enchanted stands,
Peering beneath his hands,
For in a glade beneath a spray of rose
Titania lies asleep.

So the June day he wanders up and down
His flower-bright native land,
Till the sun sets on sleepy Stratford town,
But Mother England leads him by the hand,
Calls him her dearest son, her favorite boy,
Whose fame shall be her crown.
He only knows that whippings follow joy;
So with his dusty shoes, his crumpled hose,
The little Shakespeare goes
At dusk to Stratford town.

THE following was written by a boy in the fourth grade of a Virginia backwoods Negro school. It is said he "probably never saw a book except his school reader, and probably was never in a town larger than five hundred population." In *The Caroline Progress* (Bowling Green, Va.):

A POEM

By Ernest G. Fife, 4th grade, Delos

Come, little friend, and play with me,
Come, play under the old oak tree.
Some little trees are worth money,
Some little trees look very funny.

Come, little friend, and go with me,
There we may find a better tree.
There we may find a grape vine swing.
There we will have to closer cling.

A swamp would be better if we could find.
We would rather have it than have the pine.
If we could find a higher tree
Farther and farther, we could see.

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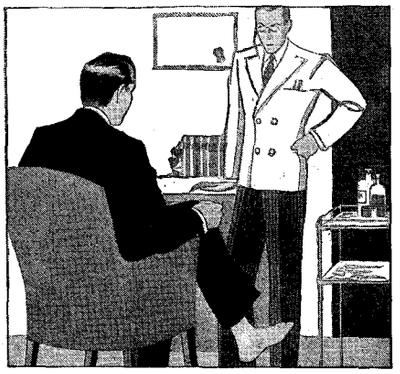
To CURE bad feet



IF you suffer weary, painful, aching feet . . . feet that give no moment of peace . . . feet that destroy happiness and impair your efficiency in the day's task—don't take chances. See your doctor, chiropodist, or orthopedist at once.

Your foot is the most delicate and complicated bone structure in your entire body—far too delicate to entrust to claims and glowing promises of foot cures which are often unfounded. Rely, instead, on the recommendations of men whose life study fully qualifies them to diagnose foot troubles and to prescribe for their relief:

. . . rely on doctors of medicine

. . . or on qualified chiropodists or podiatrists, who specialize in the general care of the feet

. . . or on orthopedists, who specialize particularly in diseases of the bone.

Above all, wear correctly made, correctly fitted shoes . . . shoes that relieve rather than encourage foot trouble. The Wright Arch Preserver Shoe for Men, which is prescribed more than any other shoe by professional men, is described more fully in the opposite column on this page.

. . . *see your*

Doctor *or* Chiropodist

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for APRIL 22, 1933

VOLUME 115 NUMBER 16

Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue New York

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To PREVENT bad feet

STATISTICS show that 67% of all people over 40 suffer foot trouble in one form or another. Will you be one of the lucky 3 out of 10 to escape? Don't wait until it's too late. Try the comfort and freedom of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes—the time-proven, scientifically-correct shoes which thousands of doctors and chiropodists recommend because of these exclusive features:

(1) Patented steel shank which prevents or relieves flat foot.
(2) Metatarsal support which prevents or relieves tension in muscles and tendons.
(3) Permanently flat insole—encourages normal circulation.
(4) Heel to ball fitting—provides correct support for the foot's weight-bearing structure.

Every Wright Arch Preserver shoe dealer is trained to know foot structure. If your feet need medical attention, he will suggest a good doctor or chiropodist. If not, he will correctly fit you with the easiest, most comfortable pair of shoes you ever stepped into.

Write us for the name of your nearest dealer and a *FREE Wright Archograph* with which to test the condition of your feet. E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Massachusetts.

. . . *wear the*

Wright ARCH PRESERVER SHOE FOR MEN

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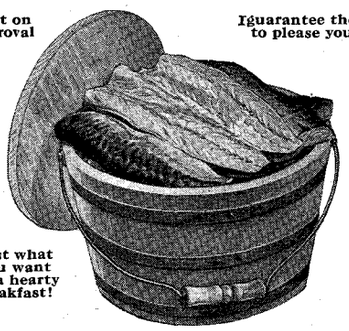
The Tastiest Ocean Treat from Gloucester

plump, tender, juicy

SALT MACKEREL FILLETS

Sent on approval

Iguarantee them to please you!



Just what you want for a hearty breakfast!

TASTE THEM AT MY EXPENSE

You'll never know how delicious fish can be until you serve some of my mackerel fillets, prepared the Down East way. It will be the rarest treat you've known in months.

Take one of my plump, meaty late-caught mackerel fillets. Freshen it. Broil it in its own juices to a tempting brown, until the rich, tender meat falls apart at the touch of your fork. Serve piping hot. Your mouth will water at its appetizing aroma. You'll smack your lips over its wonderful flavor.

What Makes My Mackerel Fillets So Good?

But you must get the right kind of mackerel fillets—the pick of the new late catch is what you want—to get this real food joy. That's the secret of the tempting goodness of my mackerel fillets. I send you the choicest fillets that are carefully sliced from the fat, tender sides of the new late-caught mackerel. Practically boneless, no waste parts whatever, these mackerel fillets are so plump and full bodied that they just flake into juicy mouthfuls.

Send No Money Now—

unless you wish to

Just send the coupon below or write me a letter, and I'll ship you a pail of 18 small size tenderloin mackerel fillets—each fillet enough for an individual serving. My fillets come to you all cleaned—no heads—no tails—no large body bones—no waste whatever—just meaty fillets packed in new brine in a wax-lined wooden pail. Taste one—broiled the Down East way. If not satisfied it's the finest mackerel you ever tasted, return the balance at my expense. Otherwise, send me only $2 within 10 days. 200,000 families get their seafood from me this "prove-it-yourself" way. I've been doing business this way for 47 years and I must say that this is the lowest price for this size pail of mackerel fillets I've ever offered. Send your coupon today for this real Gloucester treat.

18 Mackerel Fillets Only $2.00

Delivered FREE! Anywhere in the United States

Frank E. Davis, The Gloucester Fisherman
128 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

Mr. Frank E. Davis, The Gloucester Fisherman
128 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

My dear Mr. Davis: Please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail containing 18 fat late-caught mackerel fillets, clear fish, no heads, tails, or waste parts, and practically boneless. If, after trying a fillet, I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the rest at your expense and will owe you nothing. Otherwise, I'll send you $2.00 within 10 days.*

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Bank or other reference.....

*If you wish to send check for full amount now, I'll include with your mackerel a copy of my 25c beautifully illustrated cook book containing 136 delightful recipes. Your money will be instantly refunded if you are not pleased in every way.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Ain't No Such Animile.—A lot of pity is wasted on animals. There are many contented cows, but who ever heard of a contented farmer?—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Hurling Down the Dope.—"Where have you been for the last four years?"

"At college taking medicine."

"And did you finally get well?"—*College Life.*

He Had Good Teeth.—WIFE—"But I enclosed a small file in that last pie I sent you, Bert."

CONVICT—"That's your blinkin' pastry again, Liz. I didn't notice it!"—*Humorist.*

Home Body.—LADY (engaging new maid)—"And what denomination are you?"

MAID—"Well, mum, mother goes to the Baptist church and father to the Methodist, but speaking for myself, I'm wireless."—*Boston Transcript.*

Real Sleuths.—"What happened when the police searched your house?"

"It was fine! The police found the front-door key which my wife had hidden, a penny stamp I lost weeks ago, and four collar studs."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Didn't Suit General Ma.—

We had to fire
Our housemaid Nan;
She treated china
Like Japan.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Strategic Retreat.—MISTRESS (to new cook)—"My husband often brings three or four business friends home to dine without warning. You'll be prepared for that, won't you?"

COOK—"You bet, Ma'am! I'll keep my bag packed ready!"—*Humorist.*

Heartfelt Eloquence.—HENRY—"Did you-all evah speak befo' a large audience, Gawge?"

GAWGE—"Ah 'low ah did, once, yow-sah."

HENRY—"What did you-all say?"

GAWGE—"Ah said 'Not guilty.'"—*Farm Journal.*

Arabian Nights Book-keeping.—"Finance requires genius," said the admiring associate.

"It does," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "but there must be discrimination as to the kind of genius. It's a mistake to work on a ledger in a way that makes it only a fascinating work of fiction."—*Washington Evening Star.*

Alas, No Moa Moas.—A cross-word puzzle enthusiast complains that too many names of extinct creatures are employed. He instances the moa and tips off the puzzle makers thus:

The moa is a prehistoric bird,
Extinct these many, many years, altho a
Fossil's occasionally found, I've heard—
That's all there is—there isn't any moa.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum.—Want a home to wreck.—*Ad in the Oregonian.*

Striking Innovation.—No President's wives previously have traveled by air.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Pampered Kansas Hens.—For Sale or Trade—Furniture for chickens; phone 1698 Green.—*Emporia Gazette.*

Wiped Out.—The many friends of Mr. Tom A D——, formerly a resident of this city, died suddenly Friday.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Festoons of Spring.—Mr. S. S. Mumma has loaned the two Palm Beach Bell Pants which decorate our pulpit to-day.—*Dayton (Ohio) church bulletin.*

Comfort First.—Woman wants to exchange a pair of new corduroy pants and good pair of shoes for woman to do housework.—*High Point (N. C.) paper.*

Hold-up or Holiday?—The Hellertown German bank held its weekly rehearsal on Tuesday under the direction of M. B. Stackhouse.—*Allentown (Pa.) paper.*

For the Dentists?—

LITTLE BRICK PIE
SOCIAL A SUCCESS
—*Charleston Courier.*

Have a Heart.—

YOUNG FAIRBANKS WILL WOE HIS WIFE
ALL OVER AGAIN, HE SAYS
—*Boston Post.*

Bossy on the Air.—Will Trade 5 tube DeForest Crosley battery radio receiving set, for a good milk cow, complete with tubes and loud-speaker.—*Grand Prairie (Alberta) Herald.*

Full-Blown Rose.—Wanted—A position as Fat Lady. Neat, attractive and weigh 395 lbs. Will take position in a Circus or Vaudeville. Mamie Spotts, Morgantown, Pa.—*The Billboard.*

Live Burg.—Five hundred excited fans were treated to two of the fastest hockey games ever witnessed in the village, when the Rossburn Juveniles and Juniors visited our necropolis.—*Manitoba paper.*

Are You a Mason?—Imperial Potentate Earl C. Mills said etaoin shrdlu shrdlu etaoi shrdlu eatoin utaordlu uau ntaordlu nt last night in a visit to the Kerbela Shrine Temple here.—*Knoxville Journal.*

Referred to Senator Sorghum.—Honest statesmanship is the wise employment of individual meanness for the public good.—*Motto credited to Abraham Lincoln in a Wisconsin high-school weekly.*

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